THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume I | New York, Wednesday, February 11, 1925 | Number 14

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WHERE DRIFT THE CHURCHES?

THERE is a remarkable fact generally disregarded when the question is asked—"Whither tends the Church?"—and there is a fact not generally noted about the questioners. Using the word church in loose, unwarranted fashion, the querists refer not to any particular sect but to the Protestant group generally, and especially to that portion of it called Evangelical. They class all non-Catholic Christians as one church, which is plainly improper since the dictionary defines a church as a distinct body of believers, and where there are no clear lines to segregate that body it cannot satisfy the definition. Non-Catholic Christians, as a group, are not and cannot be classed as a church—much less The Church. Distinction is never drawn between Catholic and Episcopalian or Lutheran, but only between Catholic and Protestant.

This, in a way, is but natural, for the broad division comes between the Catholic who recognizes supreme authority in matters of faith and morals and the Protestant who holds fast to his rights of private judgment and individual interpretation.

The foundation, and the moving principle, if such mixture of metaphor may be permitted, of the Protestant groups is seen not as a source of strength nor a vivifying principle but as a potent source of weakness and a veritable well-spring of dissolution. The trend of such a so-called church is toward the incessant division of particles through the separation of beliefs into as many varying phases as there are members who differ in any degree as to matters which, where final authority is admitted and established, would be hard and fast dogma. Thus private judgment and individual interpretation work unceasing ruin destroying the power of any group saturated with its virus to stand as a unit. There is but one point of agreement, one lone contact among all the adherents and that one, the protest against each and all the others through the exercise of this individuality of judgment and interpretation.

This principle of disintegration, this centre of diffusion, is readily seen as a necessary characteristic of all such groups.

It was neither wished nor desired by Luther when he became the first pro-testant, nor by Henry when, cutting loose from Rome, he set up his Anglican Communion. They sought, as they said, to maintain freedom of the intellect and yet (a strange contradiction) they sought to hold the intellect in continued thraldom, retaining certain rules by which the minds of men must still be bound. There was to be freedom, private judgment, and individual interpretation, and yet limits set, beyond which neither freedom nor judgment nor interpretation should pass; judgment and interpretation applicable to certain things and inapplicable to all

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others. Why did they not see that such a thing could never be? There must be either supreme authority or unlimited freedom, judgment and interpretation.

Once private judgment was proclaimed neither man nor angel could stay its development. Were authority admitted in them, replacing the old discarded authority, error was admitted in their premises. Were the new theory of individualism maintained they faced the crisis now come upon them—slow, certain disintegration.

There must needs be authority. In the plans of God, order, which assumes authority, is the head of the corner. Lacking it, what can the future hold but a plunge to illimitable chaos with age-old questions of God, death, and a future life insoluble—the lot of each uncertainty, the lot of all—indifference.

Speaking to the American Bar Association in 1921, Mr. James M. Beck said—

". . . We find the same revolt against tradition and authority. In music its fundamentals have been thrown away and discord has been substituted for harmony as its ideal. Its culmination—jazz—is a musical crime. In the plastic arts all the laws of form and criterions of beauty have been swept aside by the futurists, cubicists, vorticists and other aesthetic bolsheviki. In poetry where beauty of rhythm, melody of sound and nobility of thought were once recognized as true tests, we now have the exaltation of the grotesque and brutal; hundreds of poets are feebly echoing the barbaric yawp of Whitman without the redeeming merit of his occasional nobility of thought. . .

"In the greater sphere of social life we find the same revolt against the institutions which have the sanction of the past. Laws which mark the decent restraint of print, speech and dress have in recent decades been increasingly disregarded. The very foundations of the great primitive institutions of mankind like the family, the Church and the state, have been shaken. Nature itself is defied. Thus, the fundamental difference of sex is disregarded by social and political movements which ignore the permanent differentiation of social function ordained by God Himself. All these are but illustrations of the general revolt against the authority of the past—a revolt which can be measured by the change in the fundamental presumption of men with respect to the value of human experience. In former ages all that was in the past was presumptively true and the burden was on him who sought to change it. Today the human mind apparently regards the lessons of the past as presumptively false and the burden is upon him who seeks to invoke them."

Mr. Beck then quoted from the encyclical of Pope Benedict XV, citing the five plagues afflicting humanity, the first and greatest being, the Pontiff said, this same unprecedented challenge to authority, along with gross materialism denying the reality of the spiritual in human life.

It is significant that these groups, so loosely called the Church, have never had any single name truly expressive of a great idea. They have been and are known simply as protestants; their individual names often taken from their founders; their principles from the protest that the founders made. The Protestant Reformation, a burst of individualism, started as a protest expressed by necessity in the right then claimed of private judgment and individual interpretation. Overnight that right grew to a Frankenstein full statured, devouring the movement which gave it birth and involving it ultimately in utter ruin. It was the first manifestation, perhaps, of that spirit of revolt spoken of by Mr. Beck.

The religious aspect, having passed the actual break, is seen today in the constant splitting up of sects. In the beginning there were the churches of Luther and Henry. Today, the disintegration of the protest having carried on for half a thousand years, there are hundreds. The number increases daily as succeeding groups cut loose and start precarious careers with new protests against their parent bodies in a veritable glory of parricide.

Private judgment and individual interpretation lead to indifferentism. If each may judge, and believe what and only what he chooses it cannot matter what a man believes, and if there be no final authority one judgment or one belief must be as good as another. If one judgment or one belief is as good as another, none can be of importance, and then since the whole cannot be greater than its parts no judgment and no belief is a matter entirely without consequence. Atheism and paganism are likewise immaterial. That is where the church about which they ask will eventually arrive—and then comes chaos.

If things of belief are inconsequential, how can acts, the translation or expression of those beliefs, be of moment? That means no moral law, no good, no evil, as a direct consequence of private judgment—of a lack of authority.

Whoever holds for private judgment and individual interpretation must needs hold things of belief inconsequential. With such a premise how can the church about which we are asked, go anywhere? Do aught but drift? Be aught but a heterogeneous aggregation, each believing, as he revels in his individualism, that thing only which each chooses as the fleeting anchor to which he will cling. Private judgment and individual interpretation sound the death-knell of faith and doctrine and where those tenets prevail, not the members only but the substance, such as it is, of this so-called church are cast helpless in a welter of vacillation. Without helmsman, it drifts, breaking ever and again into smaller diversified units. Unless the tendency be checked by the reëstablishment of a virile belief and the proclamation of a creed by an authority that is recognized and competent, when the question sounds again—"Whither tends the church?"—there can be but one answer. That is—through disintegration to chaos.

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THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1925, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 25 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

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Subscription Rates: Yearly: $10.00 Single Copies: $0.20

WEEK BY WEEK

REPORTS from Rome by cable are to the effect that the Holy Year has begun with a scarcity of pilgrims. The Vatican, we are told, counts on at least 250,000 visitors with devotional intent, but as yet the hotels are empty and the hotel keepers are wringing their hands. Most likely there will be no shortage by the end of the year. The appeal to the devout, who can make the necessary sacrifices, is very great and there is a strong pull likewise on the more seriously-minded class of mere travelers, who will seek not only gratification of curiosity, but also a stimulation in the spirit of the occasion and in the contagion of piety of the crowd. It would be a deep pity, even from the purely worldly point of view, if this were not so.

BUT really it is not surprising that the movement is slow to gather volume in view of the obstacles that arise on all sides. One of these, probably the most potent, is the attitude of the hotel keepers themselves and other purveyors to foreigners sojourning in Rome. The prospect of a concourse of guests has caused prices of rooms and board, and all the other needs and pleasures that "casuals" have to pay for at any rate demanded, to go up to fancy figures. It is said in the despatches that some recognition of the folly of this policy is developing and a general cut in prices is talked of if not actually inaugurated. To Americans, the point is particularly interesting for it is said that all over Italy—and in France as well—visitors from this country are being overcharged, partly on general principles, because all Americans are now classified in the average European mind as millionaires, but also, in part, by way of retaliation, because of the political talk which has been so rife of late at Washington on the subject of the war debt settlements. Obviously any policy of overcharging visitors from this or any other country is foolish. It is "killing the goose that lays the golden egg." If Roman bonifaces or traders, or those of any other place, want to make money out of Americans, their best plan is to price low and play fair.

THE Italian government, or some of its agencies, has contributed its mite toward fending off the foreigner who arrives by sea. The Mediterranean steamship companies have had to announce that a landing tax of $3.00 a head would have to be paid on every passenger leaving his ship at Genoa or Naples. The impost applies, not to transatlantic travel alone, but to all arrivals. The money, it is said, is designed for port improvement. Later news has it that the Naples tax has been canceled, but arrivals at Genoa will have to pay. Probably these will be few in number until the charge is withdrawn. The immediate effect will be a diversion of travel to new routes. So far from gaining anything, the city and port and the railroads leading therefrom will be likely to lose much business.

THE passport nuisance also figures to some extent in the situation and for this the United States, with its high charges and vexatious rules, is much blamed in Europe—and at home. There is now an agitation of the matter at Geneva, in the interest of cheapness and simplification for tourists. It is proposed that this country should arrange for two sorts of passports, one sort, with strict visa requirements for intending settlers here, but granting and accepting another form for mere travelers with mutual abolition of the visa requirements in the case of friendly countries. Many European governments have dropped the visa in the last year; why should not we do likewise with nine out of ten governments as respects sojourners either way? Can anyone point out any gain to the country at large from the present restrictions? No; but everyone knows what a trouble and expense it is to tens of thousands of our own people, every year.

A BILL has been introduced in the Legislature at Albany sponsored by Assemblyman Backenburg providing for the appointment of salaried probation officers in the Court of General Sessions. The officers will be subject to civil service requirements laid down by the State Civil Service Commission. The bill, which was drafted by Judge Collins, it is announced, will have the support of the Judges of the Court of General Sessions. The bill will also receive the support of the National Probation Association, the Prison Association of New York, the Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of New York and many other civic and

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welfare agencies. In the absence of any provision for publicly paid probation officers now found in every court dealing with offenders in New York City, except General Sessions, organizations of the different religious denominations supported by voluntary contributions have carried on the work of investigation and supervision for over twenty-five years. The Catholic Charities headquarters recently announced a probation demonstration in connection with their work with Catholic defendants in the General Sessions Court. Edwin J. Cooley, on leave of absence as Chief Probation Officer of the Magistrates' Courts, is directing this demonstration.

REV. ROBERT F. KEEGAN, Secretary for Catholic Charities, in commenting on the relation of the proposed legislation and the probation demonstration now under way, said—"The proposed legislation will meet with the full support of the Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of New York. We believe that probation work should be carried on by publicly salaried probation officers appointed after Civil Service Examination and this was the first standard laid down in the reorganization of our own work. Although we have had and still have the responsibility for carrying on probation work for all Catholics in the Court, having undertaken this work twenty-five years ago at the request of the Judges, our primary interest is in the effort to obtain good probation service for all defendants of this court, regardless of creed or race. It is our purpose to place the work of the Catholic Probation Bureau on the best possible basis and to demonstrate what can be done with an adequate organization of this work before it is turned over to the Court. It will take about a year to organize the Civil Service system. We will have ample time therefore to complete our probation demonstration which we hope will be a contribution to further knowledge of good probation work and may be useful to the court in its organization of the Civil Service system. The National Probation Association, with headquarters at 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City, which has access to information concerning probation work as carried on in all parts of the country, is coöperating with the Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of New York, in their effort to organize an ideal probation service and in order to effect the transition of the work from private to public auspices.

FANATICISM, like genius, defies analysis, and it is not easy to see what is behind the mind of those members of the Lord's Day Alliance, who are responsible for drafting the text of the Sunday Law which is to be submitted to the Legislature at Albany in the near future. Not only are "football, basket-ball, tennis, hockey, polo, billiards and bowling" prohibited within the time, beginning Saturday midnight, and ending at two o'clock on Sunday afternoon, but even for boys to "play catch" within the prohibited hours will render them subject to such penalties (presumably including consignment to a reformatory), as some children's court may see fit to impose. Processions and parades, unless of a funeral nature (your Puritan dearly loves a funeral) are also taboo. An exception, significant of the class tyranny which lies back of all this neo-Puritan legislation, is made in the case of golf, provided the game be conducted caddy-less. Profanation is to be avoided, it appears, at the expense of a considerable increase in the volume of profanity.

THE reception accorded the proposed measure by the New York press probably foreshadows the treatment it will experience when common sense gets to work upon it in the state capitol. Of course, to the enlightened Christian mind, it stands condemned in advance. The more the history of Sabbatarianism is studied, the clearer becomes the common sense that lies back of the Church's own regulation of weekly worship. Once fulfilled the rigid obligation of attendance at the Divine Sacrifice, the Catholic Church has always left the employment of Sunday leisure to common sense, sanctified and conscientiously guided, as it feels sure it will be, by the hour or half hour spent in God's presence. The obligation to refrain from servile work which is not of duty or charity rests upon something very different from the Phariseeism latent in the Puritan mind. It is the Church's provision for leisure, her demand, expressed by measure after measure in days when her voice carried weight in social and economic life, for a breathing space during which the things of the spirit might lie in her children's consciousness undistracted by the sordid struggle for bread. Recreation was never prohibited by her in order that, through sheer boredom, her pews and sittings might be filled. Rather, worship sanctified the honest contest of thew and muscle. The victories of mediaeval wars were won, not upon the playing fields of Eton, but on the meadows under the shadow of the village steeple. Your neo-Puritan sees things differently. Dismayed at the failure of his persuasiveness to persuade, he turns to the secular arms which have already ruled for him that wine is wickedness, and in dolorous chorus intones the old chanty—

"As we can never foretell
What joys may await us on Monday,
In order to start the week well
Let us all be unhappy on Sunday."

THE annual Dial award is a purely domestic affair, and one would seem to have no more right in commenting upon its allotment to Miss Marianne Moore than in questioning the economic wisdom of the Falkland Islanders, who are reported to have eked out a precarious livelihood for many years by taking in one another's washing. Those familiar at all with Miss

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Moore's muse are aware that it has the supreme recommendation in aesthetic eyes of being brightly, glitteringly and devastatingly new. It is that experimental verse compacted of arresting images, startling juxtapositions, hiatuses, ellipses and topographical skittishness, to which our noses are being held by the laboratory school of poetry. In six pages of unsigned "comment" of its own upon the affair, the editors of the Dial effectively forestall such criticism as the award may bring to light in circles where its passwords are current. Miss Moore's analyses, we are informed "inordinately ordinate as they so victoriously are; their admirable elbows admirably ad hoc, their high rearings and higher boltings, their altogether porcupinity impeccable—these are just Miss Moore's private ways of delivering Miss Moore's aesthetic fact." It's as private as that. There seems to be no answer because—there is no answer. We can only share the bewilderment of the hunters of the Snark when their quarry, so long and arduously pursued, turned out to be, not a Snark at all, but a mere Boojum.

THE growing tendency for people of differing religious faiths candidly to discuss their differences without rancor, and in a true spirit of tolerance, yet without any desertion or weakening of their own convictions, is notably marked by a recent incident at Fort Wayne, Indiana. The rector of the Catholic Cathedral in that city, the Rev. Thomas M. Conroy, gave an address to more than 1,200 persons in the First Presbyterian Church of Fort Wayne, his subject being—My Neighbor the Protestant. Rev. Robert Little, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, is to give another address in this series of interdenominational sermons, taking for his subject—My Neighbor the Catholic. As Indiana has for some time past been more fruitful in news of religious dissensions than almost any other state in the Union, with the disgraceful exception of Colorado, this latest news is all the more welcome and encouraging. Undoubtedly, the sentiments expressed by Father Conroy, if followed, as no doubt they will be, by the other speakers, commend themselves to the judgment of that growing number of American citizens who are more and more disgusted with bigotry, bad temper, and rudeness in religious discussions. In the course of twenty-two years active service in the priesthood of the Catholic Church, Father Conroy said, he had never heard a sermon or a remark in a Catholic church tending to create a bad feeling against Protestants on the score of their religious beliefs. "No one ever heard of an ex-Protestant minister receiving permission to preach in a Catholic church or a hall that he might slander his former companions in religion out of revenge or some other motive," he went on. "The weeds, as Dean Swift calls them, that have been thrown out of the Protestant garden are never replanted in a Catholic garden." Referring to the principle of toleration embodied in the founding of the American nation, Father Conroy said—

"THERE has not been, and I am quite convinced there never will be, any conspiracy by the Church or any individual or group under direction or approval to deny to anyone the right to pursue his own sincere convictions as to the manner in which he shall acquit himself toward his Maker. 'Oh!' you will exclaim—'Can we not still perceive a faint odor of the musty Spanish dungeon in the days of the Inquisition and the muffled cry for mercy as the ropes tightened on the rack?' I might retort and say that it set my nerves on edge to think of the sharpness of Cromwell's sword on which was engraven texts from Holy Writ to sanctify his butcheries in the name of the Protestant religion. But what purpose would the exclamation and the retort serve? Cromwell and the Inquisition belong to another age and to Europe, and if there is to be a debate about the iniquity of one or the other, that argument should be made in Europe and in the periods that were impressed by Cromwell and the Inquisition. I fancy that if Cromwell and the judges of the Inquisition were to come out of the shadows they would be shocked to learn that centuries afterward in far-off free America, men were still ransacking a dead past for something to quarrel about. I think my neighbor, the Protestant, is satisfied that Cromwell's sword is rusty and useless, and I can assure him that his neighbor, the Catholic, is far more interested in basket-ball and the price of gasoline than he is in the Inquisition. In other words, the Catholic in America always has had, has now, and in the future will have, an active desire to be neighborly with the man next door, the Protestant."

EMPHASIZING that toleration and neighborliness do not imply weakness of religious conviction, Father Conroy continued—"In order to complete this part of the argument, I maintain that if I were to tell you this evening that I considered Protestantism as good as Catholicism, in the sense that both are equally true, it would occur to you immediately that my convictions are rather hazy and shallow, or that I was not courageous and frank enough to tell you just what I do think about that point. . . . Honesty would bind me to say that I believe that my Church is the one true church established by Jesus Christ and through her we shall find salvation. Now, that does not mean at all that I must hate you if you state that some Protestant church is the agency of salvation, and most emphatically it does not imply nor state that Heaven is reserved exclusively for Catholics. My contention is that everyone who has a sincere conviction and has followed the light given him will never help anyone until he divests himself of the idea that a weak expression of belief or doctrine can imply anything but weakness in what he believes."

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THE NEW INTERSTATE COMMISSIONER

THE appointment by President Coolidge of Mr. Thomas F. Woodlock as a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission presents a somewhat difficult theme for editorial comment in The Commonweal, for Mr. Woodlock has been one of the principal supporters of the work of The Calvert Associates since that work was started two years ago, and he has been a tower of strength to The Commonweal since the journal was launched. In taking up his new duties in Washington he will put all other matters aside in order to give his undivided attention and full energy to the public service. The sense of loss that this journal necessarily must feel is, however, compensated for by the conviction that our desire to serve the common weal leads us also to rejoice that one of our founders and supporters is now to give himself to that purpose in so important a form as that of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Of Mr. Woodlock's competence there can be no question, but it seems more fitting for us to express our hearty agreement with the sentiments of the editorial in the New York Times of January 28—

"The President's selection of Thomas F. Woodlock to succeed Mark W. Potter as member of the Interstate Commerce Commission promises to bring capacity and experience of a high order to the exacting tasks which the commission has before it. Every one who knew the kind of problems with which that body will have to grapple this year and during the next half dozen years has been aware that this was no time to try experiments with its membership. . .

"Mr. Woodlock has been an outstanding authority on American railway questions during thirty years. His writings in that period have shown an exceptionally broad grasp and a close knowledge of the practical workings of American transportation. He was among the severest critics of the methods pursued in railway finance during the speculative period of two decades ago, but along with this, he has always expressed enlightening and constructive judgment as to the methods essential to bring the industry into a sound and conservative position."

A RISING RELIGIOUS TIDE

THE problem of making every-day life better is insistent and it has aroused an eager and widespread striving for its solution. All sorts of projects for improvement are advanced in the most varied quarters, and all sorts and conditions of men contribute their views.

One set of uplifters, who give attention chiefly to the growing boys and girls, are somewhat discouraging in the materialism of their plans; their fear of estranging somebody or some group is so great, apparently, that they advocate, at least publicly, none but secular bases of appeal to the moral sense of youth. Another, and it would seem, a larger class of leaders of thought have no hesitation in sounding the religious note. They appeal to faith and point the way to better life and higher life along the path of spiritual striving.

A notable example of the spiritual doctrine of reform was embodied in the recent address of Dr. George H. Derry, Professor of Economics at Union College, before the Catholic Club of New York. His topic was—Moulding the Popular Will in the Republic. He said the world was sick and the people needed a power to control them which they could not control. He did not beat about the bush at all in defining that power as religion—"religion only." What the nation needs, he said, is "more of that moral power which comes from the home and religion." From these sources is derived that dynamic force of character which governed the careers of great historic Americans such as Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt. He said, as a result of scientific analysis made at his university, that three-fourths of this element of character was due to early religious influence.

An equally strong plea for religion as the saving factor in life was made a few days later at St. Louis by Abram Simon of Washington, President of the Central Conference of American Rabbis. His appeal was made specially to business men, who, he thought, could and should make themselves the "partners of God." Prayer, he said, should be the antidote to the hectic existence to which men so often gave themselves up. He advocated an organization specially to hold back the rising tide of irreligion.

Cardinal Hayes, speaking to a group of women, the Alumnae Association of the Catholic Summer School of America, last week, instanced the eclipse of the sun as a religious symbol of universal appeal. Its coming at the moment foretold was a proof that God always kept faith with man. "How important it is," he went on, "that we all keep faith with God in trying to hold aloft those ideals which the world needs so much today." And he continued—"I do plead with you, that you keep faith with God, that you do not let the world draw you away from old standards; and that you do not give in, as it were, to the fashions of the moment." He closed by saying—"It would be an awful thing if our American democracy were such that it did not take God into account."

These are only a few instances of pronouncements that are reported almost daily in the newspapers. President Coolidge spoke a few days ago of the need of faith and the supreme value of religion. Secretary Hughes made a strong plea for universal justice not on utilitarian but on abstract moral grounds. A sentiment for spiritual revival is in the air and to the appeals which are so general, there are public signs of a broad popular response.

The tendency is a reassuring symptom amid the sick-

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ness of the age, which Professor Derry diagnoses. The true medicine for that sickness is continued appeal to the spiritual forces. As a result of the recent "survey" made in the New York high schools and the discovery of "high" and "low spots," the naïve suggestion is made in an official report that "character training should be the aim of all school activities." It seems strange that so obvious an aim should have to be formulated at this late day. But since it is thus put before the public as a subject of discussion, it is fair to ask what is to be made the inspiration of the characters of the rising generation. Is it to be the rule of three or the Latin grammar, or "community civics"? Do any of the subjects of the primary and secondary or even high school courses afford a rock-ribbed foundation for truth, for morals, for justice, for love of beauty and honor, if the soul of man and its obligations to God be ignored or evaded?

CHILD LABOR INTRICACIES

ACCORDING to the champions of the proposed Twentieth Amendment to the Constitution—the Child Labor Amendment—the battle is by no means over, but only really beginning. Every possible effort is to be put forth by those convinced of the merit and the necessity of the measure to secure its adoption. The widely heralded supposition that the amendment was already defeated since thirteen states have declared against it is being vigorously opposed. At any rate, it is certain that widespread discussion of the whole question will continue, stimulated and swung one way or the other by the results in those states where referendums are to be held, or where state legislatures are still to take action. It is the purpose of The Commonweal to publish in its coming issues articles giving the arguments on both sides of the question. Meanwhile, it is well to point out that the somewhat shocked bewilderment which many proponents of the measure display because of the vigorous opposition of those who oppose the amendment is not warranted. That the people of the country should hesitate to adopt the measure is not really strange in spite of the idea of many benevolent people to the contrary.

The proposed amendment is by no means so simple a matter as it looks, nor are the valid pleadings all on one side. It is not wholly an altruistic question; it has some commercial and industrial factors of importance tangled up in the skein of discussion. In the higher sense, there is also a serious political issue; it may be doubted whether the subject is a proper one for federal action and it may be asked, also, whether, whenever a laudable purpose, social, moral or economic, is to be effected, it is well to force it into the organic law of the nation as an amendment to the Constitution. Presently, say some lawyers, the Constitution will become a sort of glorified police code. There is hardly an evil that afflicts society, from promiscuous divorce to the great national vice of bad cookery, that will not be placed under the power of Congress and the federal courts, if we keep on at the present rate.

Just here it may be noted that a leading cause of opposition or hesitation in the present case is that the proposed amendment does not legislate at all. All it does is give Washington the power to do so. It empowers the Congress to limit, regulate or prohibit by law the labor of persons under eighteen years of age. It gives no direct hint as to what shall be done or how. If it were more mandatory as to details, it might be simpler. "We should know the worst and be done with it," say the doubters. "But turn the whole business over to the politicians and we do not know what damaging excess they may run to, or, on the other hand, whether they will do anything worth while."

The fears expressed in this way represent conflicting impulses and opinions throughout the country. For there is wide difference of view as to the merits of the whole child labor agitation. Everyone, including the employers of children, professes concern as to their welfare. Every decent person must deplore the fate of the over-worked mite, deprived of schooling, robbed of the free air and light, and starved as to exercise and amusement; passing the years that should be joyous in the grime, toil, darkness and danger of a factory or mill. There can be no question as to the sadness, the horror of the picture, and little as to the average effects in later years in the warping of mind and instincts, unfitness for parentage and citizenship. The duty of remedying such a wrong cannot be evaded. Those who oppose the federal action in that direction should certainly force the individual states to reform it.

But what, asks the opponent of reform by legal compulsion, if the substitute should be the other sort of starvation? What if parents are too poor to feed their families, and communities too poor to educate them? Would these little creatures be better off roaming the sweltering streets or sheltering in mephitic cabins in summer, or shivering in icy corners or frigid tenements in winter? At work, they are sure of shelter and food. Then there is the claim that by helping their families in the struggle for existence and through early effort to hold their own in the world, they become excellently fitted for successful adult life —variation on the well known legend of the newsboy who grows up to be millionaire, a not by any means groundless fiction.

There are, however, two strong currents of hostility to child labor based on these very arguments, especially the economic one. They are held insistently, even clamorously, by a host of business rivals, both employers and employes. The employers of adult workers in territory where child labor is forbidden protest that they are subjected to unfair and immoral competition. How can they sell goods for the making of which they have to pay grown-up wages in the

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same markets with wares produced for the paltry pay of infants? The protest is serious. There is much basis for it and the counter-claim that differences in freight rates, shipping charges and proximity to markets offset the difference in labor cost will very seldom stand a close analysis.

Then there are the labor unions. They are equally aroused as to the effects of the wage differential. How can they expect to get sufficiently high rates to live decently and bring up families when their high class work is in competition as to its remuneration with the slave toil of oppressed children receiving hardly pay enough to keep them out of Potters' Field? They talk a lot about the sentimental side of the question—labor leaders do; and, in truth, they mean it—but above and behind all other considerations with them, this is an economic issue, a question of bread and butter, of life and death. And it is, to an extent that cannot be ignored or overlooked.

It cannot be questioned that there are abuses in child labor as it exists in some quarters which cry out for remedy. It may be said that the system is always so liable to abuse that the strong hand of the law must be extended to lessen at once and ultimately to eliminate them. This truth has so far prevailed that a large number of the states have regulatory or prohibitive measures, but so difficult is the whole subject that in many of these, exemptions and relaxations have been made legal, which, to use the popular phrase, have largely drawn the teeth of the human statutes. The Commissioner of Labor of Wisconsin is quoted as explaining thus—"Nearly everyone began to be poor. This led officials in many instances to disregard wholly the intent of the Legislature."

And this suggests one of the very strong reasons why the federal government should not be called in to regulate a matter which is inevitably conditioned in many particulars by local circumstances. The statute which may be fair and easy of endorsement in New York may be oppressive in Minnesota and impossible in Mississippi. Thus, it appears, prohibition of the labor of the young is dreaded in the farming states and in agricultural districts generally, because their help is an urgent necessity in the harvest season and the berrying season, and so on. In regions where canneries afford a large part of the wealth of the inhabitants, the work of men, women and children is needed in the packing season—urgently needed, because the material spoils quickly and must be disposed of in the shortest possible time. The relatively new mill industry in parts of the South asserts that it never could have got on its feet without the cheapest—that is to say children's—labor. Millions of persons are now supported by it. But it must be noted, the controlling white element find it difficult in these states to be thrilled over the plight of the little toilers, for few of them are white children. It also must be asked if it can ever be morally justifiable to build up industries on the extorted or enforced labor of children? The children certainly are not free agents in such a one-sided affair.

So it is evident that the question, even though a general principle is innate in it, is inextricably complicated by regional conditions. On the whole, it is probably best solved by state legislation. If some of the states lag behind the country at large in their moral view of it, why not put pressure on them such as has been invoked to check lynching and to stop flogging in some southern prison camps?

It may be doubted whether the referendum is a very wise way in which to reach a decision on a matter where so many serious considerations are involved and wherein opinion is so apt to be affected by emotion rather than by real understanding of local welfare and national progress. Assuredly the voice of the pleader will reach more ears than the dry words of the lawyer and the business man. And of those who vote for business reasons, it may be suspected, that, as for instance in the case of the union workers, the interests of the first person singular will have more weight than those of the third person plural.

The ratification will come up in some twenty-four legislatures this winter, not enough to confirm it, but enough to create a strong leaning one way or the other should all take action. There is good reason to believe that a majority will not do so. The inclination seems to be to take another year or two to think it over. The harm in such delay is negligible compared with committing the country at large to a policy of universal meddling and to robbing the states of that sense of sovereign power over their own affairs and responsibility therefor which was so emphatically stressed by the Fathers of the country. They formed a union based on the common needs and the inseparable good of all, the needs and concerns of our life as a nation; but they jealously reserved the internal policies and ideals of the several states to be determined and controlled by their own voters. It is strongly urged by many who style themselves "progressives" that it is folly to depend so much as has been usual upon the wisdom of the Fathers of the Constitution. How, they ask, with good reason, could any body of men lay down principles of political and social action that are the best for their descendants living in a world whose political and social conditions differ so widely from those prevailing a century and a half ago? But while there is merit in their argument, it is true that human experience and the present opinion of a vast number of Americans concur in dreading as one of the worst of human evils the concentration of power over the family and individuals in the hands of a central bureaucracy of politicians controlled either by dictators, or by cliques of doctrinaire reformers, or covetous commercial interests. Let us, by all means, save the children from exploitation, but not by turning their control over to the bureaucrats.

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RESTLESS INDIA

By SAVEL ZIMAND

"TRAGEDY," once said a philosopher of the last century, "is not the conflict of right and wrong, but of right and right," as viewed differently by conflicting minds. The conflicting attitudes of ruler and people trying to solve the tangled Indian problem reinforces the truth of that sad maxim.

From the position of the extreme Anglo-Indian official the just and wise policy for the happiness of the Indian people is one of "constructive repression." From the position of the nationalist of India the only solution for the benefit of the country is full self-government.

The one points backward to the past and says there lies political justice and human wisdom. The other turns for hope to the future. But neither the extreme Anglo-Indian official nor the "impatient idealist," as Lord Morley once called the extreme nationalists, can serve as a safe guide to the outsider who seeks to discover the causes which precipitated the alarming situation in India.

The impressions the visitor gets in the immense country are in turn perplexing, bewildering and tragic. You see a small band of British officials ruling a country of 320,000,000 people. You hear Indians saying that these efficient servants are doing their duty by England and not to India. You see people fighting each other like madmen, because thousands of years ago sages wrote down that the cow is a sacred animal, and as such must be protected and worshipped. You hear about the thousands of castes and many more sub-castes. You smell in every province and in the length and breadth of the land, poverty and disease. You sense on every hand a mounting bitterness against the rulers of India.

First, we must look at the political situation of the country. After journeying across it, surveying conditions, talking to Indians and English of all ranks, I joined in the conclusion that the British in India are sitting on top of a volcano which may become active at any time. A general famine is sure to bring on an eruption. Not that that would be of any benefit to the people. But if radical alterations are not made, it is bound to come. The growth of revolutionary crimes—which so far are still controlled by Gandhi's personality—the crusade in the Punjab of the martial Sikhs—who up to a few years ago were staunch Loyalists—the defeat of the Montague Reforms by the Swarajists; all these are crater flashes.

India is ruled by a semi-parliamentary system of government. In reality the affairs of the country are carried on by the efficient Indian Civil Service. The Indian Civil Service may have now less powers than it had in the early days of the East Indian Company, but it is the real power in India. The present system introduced during Mr. Montague's régime in 1919, and better known as "Dyarchy," cannot, like its forbears, be described as a despotism. But it has little in common with what is known as constitutionalism. The executive is not responsible to the legislature and the so-called parliament has practically no power. I shall not try to explain here the defects of the reforms which characterize it, except to note in passing that they have not worked. They are rejected now by all political parties of the country.

The nationalists ask for a constitution giving the Indians the right to manage their internal affairs. There are two things they do not press for at present —they do not ask to take charge of foreign affairs, and they do not wish to take charge of the defense of the country. As far as the defense is concerned, they would be totally unprepared for the task. While the bulk of the army is composed of Indians (164,936 Indians to 69,147 British troops) there are only a handful of Indian officers with King's commissions.

The British official of India feels that even this form of Home Rule is premature. There are some officials who are earnestly looking forward to the day when India will be able to stand on her own feet. There are others, and they probably form the majority, who have doubts in their minds as to whether India will ever be able to mange its own affairs. But all of them are agreed against new concessions.

An English official of high standing said to the writer at Delhi—"When I came out to India three years ago, as a liberal, I was in favor of Home Rule for India. But I find great difficulties in the way. Let us assume that the British withdrew immediately. What would happen? Many things might happen. But here is one possibility. The Indians have no army. The Afghans might invade the country and if the Indians can't defend themselves against such a small country, how much more difficult their task would be if they were attacked by a more powerful nation. If such a situation arises, it would affect not only the whole British Empire, but also the whole of Europe. That may sound like John Bull talk. But it is not. We are faced with such great difficulties today because the Indians were not given an opportunity to train themselves to self-government much earlier. There lies the mistaken policy of the government."

Second, we must take cognizance of the social relationships between the British and Indian. No one who has not been in the South can have the faintest conception of the color prejudice, developed by the British in India. "One can never," says the poet Tagore, "do justice from a mere sense of duty to those

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for whom one lacks respect." This lack of respect of which Tagore speaks makes it impossible for the British to understand the Indian mind. As an Englishman put it to me, they have "the great ability of misunderstanding the people they try to rule."

Whether or not these social discriminations and the color bias is an indispensable part of the present system, the people are convinced that no real basis of understanding can be arrived at between the races without striking a new balance in the governance of India.

Let us now turn to the nationalist movements which have sought to wring concessions from the British. In the last five years they have undergone three important changes.

First came the 1919-1922 period of non-coöperation under the leadership of Gandhi. During that period the great majority of the nationalists, with the exception of a small group, organized into the Liberal party, fought under the banner of non-coöperation and non-violence.

The revival of hand spinning and hand weaving was advocated, and it is still advocated by Mahatma Gandhi, for two main reasons. India needs to supplement her main occupation of agriculture with some other employment, and hand spinning is the only such employment for millions. If the two hundred million dollars worth of cloth now imported from England were produced by the spinning wheels at home, it would not only increase the prosperity of the people, but the British would find out that it does not pay to misrule India.

For carrying on the N. C. O. (these are the initials by which the non-coöperation movement is known) Mahatma Gandhi, as the leader of the movement, designed the following strategical moves: the triple boycott (against schools, law courts and elective assemblies) the Hartal, which means a total suspension of business—individual civil disobedience, and as the last resort, mass civil disobedience. The Hartal "was designated to strike the imagination of the people and the government," and to serve as an indication of how far civil disobedience might be carried out in the spirit of non-violence.

To analyze each of these moves in detail is beyond the scope of this article. It should be said, however, that the boycott against the schools has not only failed but has also proved injurious. The nationalists had no schools of their own, the few schools created were suffering from neglect, and an Indian scholar estimated that while the boycott was at its height, that 50,000 boys were out in idleness.

The boycott against the law courts has likewise not been successful. A group of prominent lawyers gave up their practices and threw themselves into the nationalist movement; but they might have done so without the boycott. The boycott against the legislative assemblies was given up by practically half of Gandhi's followers after he went to jail.

The Hartals and civil disobedience when carried on have not generally been carried on in the spirit of non-violence. Riots broke out in the name of non-coöperation. Needless to say that the Mahatma remained faithful to his creed. But he admitted to be "in the unhappy position of a surgeon proved skilless to deal with an admittedly dangerous case." It all ended by the Mahatma being sentenced to prison from where he was released about a year ago.

The great result of the 1919-1921 period lay in spreading an air of independence throughout the land. The work of Gandhi and his co-workers aroused the masses. Other leaders before him have tried to gain the support of those who read; Gandhi appealed especially to those who do not know newspapers and "had no political education whatsoever." Before Gandhi made his appearance on the political stage of India, the movement was in the hands of people who were talking nationalism from a pedestal. Conspiracies and secret organizations were the order of the day. The leadership of the Mahatma made such tactics impossible. In practical results the non-coöperation period of 1919 to 1922 has not been a success. In spirit it had succeeded to a remarkable degree. Gandhi's arrest brought the end of this period.

Gandhi's temporary absence from the political field did not calm the spirits. There was a short lull in the struggle. But the dark clouds kept rolling over the skies of India. The ablest lieutenants of Gandhi decided that new tactics were called for. The boycott program having failed, they decided to take part in the elections and once elected, to make use of Parnell tactics of obstruction. Industrial action was discarded and political action put in its place. During Christmas week of 1922 the "Swaraj party" came into existence under the leadership of C. R. Das; and in time developed into a strong organization. In the November, 1923, elections it won a large number of seats in the legislative assemblies and in 1924 it was the decisive factor in wrecking the Montague Reforms.

The Swaraj had not the entire backing of Gandhi's followers. Many of those who participated in the non-coöperation movement of 1919 were still in favor of the boycott program. At a special session of the Congress at Delhi in September, 1923, a compromise was arrived at. The propaganda against participation in the legislatures was suspended until Gandhi's release.

On the day of his release from prison, he turned his thoughts to the perplexing national problems. He observed that the unity between Hindus and Mussulmans, which in 1922 be believed nearly achieved, had "suffered a severe check." Two days after he declared that though he had "not in any way altered his opinion about the boycott of councils, law courts and government schools," he had not as yet anv data for coming to a judgment upon the changes in tactics adopted during his incarceration.

Many weeks of conferences followed between him

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and the Swarajists. The statements issued by both sides showed that an agreement had not been reached. Gandhi decided against the tactics of the Swaraj party.

To this political disunity should be added the racial clashes between Hindus and Mohammedans. For centuries they have been cutting each other's throats for childish things. For a short period in 1921 to 1922 there were appearances of unity, but now the conflict is renewed on a much larger scale than ever.

The fall of 1924 found the country thus hopelessly divided. The work of uniting the nationalist forces of the country waited for Gandhi. And so in November, 1924, we find him suspending his boycott program and issuing a call for the unity of all political parties on a plan of self-government. He gives to his program a new and three-fold social policy—he seeks national unity through social tolerance and human brotherhood (not as abstractions, but as issues which rend his people) he seeks a new national economy through the revival of spinning; and he holds as ever to non-violence as the way of deliverance.

The All-India Congress met during Christmas week. The nationalists have reached an agreement on the basis of Gandhi's proposal. Dr. Annie Besant, who has been out of the Congress since Mr. Gandhi started his non-coöperation, is now ready to join again. Many liberals are apt to follow her example for the sake of unity. They see the slow progress they have been making because of just that disunity. Last summer a deputation of prominent Indian liberal leaders went to England to convince the government that something should be done for India. They came back discouraged. By yielding on his non-coöperation program and suggesting his proposal of unity, Gandhi has made it possible for all those who formerly disagreed with him to unite in the fight for self-government.

Meanwhile the government is conducting a judicial enquiry into the operation of the Government of India Act, in order to find out whether further advances shall be granted to India.

There the matter rests for the present. The Anglo-Indian officials are no more satisfied with this enquiry than the nationalists. The Anglo-Indian feels that the old system has worked *for* India. The nationalist wants a system by which Britain will be working *with* India. To the outsider it appears that, if the present enquiry provides a basis for a resettlement of the Indian problem on a new foundation, it will save Great Britain from once again going through, a hundred times over, another Irish problem.

THE FIRST CIRCUMNAVIGATOR

By ESME J. HOWARD

ONLY in 1922, four centuries after his birth, was Del Cano, the first man to circumnavigate the world, publicly acknowledged as one of the great navigators. There are few books which mention him—and only one written about him alone—Navarete's Life.

My description of his birth-place, Guetaria, Spain, is based on a personal visit to the town. A book published by the Hakluyt Society entitled Early Voyages to Magellan's Strait, gives a more ample and accurate account. The town lies three miles to the west of Zarauz in the Basque country, where, legend has it, the Victoria, Del Cano's ship, was built. The discoverer was born close to Guetaria; his real name was Juan Sebastian, and Del Cano signified either the house, or small village, of Cano whence his ancestors came.

Near Guetaria, a rocky promontory juts out into the Bay of Biscay, with precipitous cliffs on the east and west sides and a valley between. It is known as the raton, or rat, on account of its shape. On the land side are the old walls with the pelota court. There are three streets, the two side ones which are much higher than the Calle Mayor or principal street. Two or three old palaces or casas solares remain, one in ruins, and over the first house in the Calle Mayor are the arms of the town—a whale wallowing in the waves of the sea. There are some houses, and one in particular, a hospice for sailors, is very beautiful. It offers free shelter for shipwrecked sailors and claims to be the only one of its kind in Spain. It possesses a chart with Del Cano's voyage marked out upon it. On the west of Guetaria the seas run high and waves crash against the rocky mountain wall—but the east affords protection to ships, large and small.

In Del Cano's day the hardy seamen of Guetaria used to attack and capture whales—the Balaena Biscayens—which then frequented these seas. One of the men on the mountain would give the signal that a whale was in sight and immediately the skiffs would put out to sea. These Basque sailors were the founders of the whale fishery, whence the significance of the arms of Guetaria.

In this life and among these surroundings, Juan Sebastian passed his early days. He was born in 1492, the son of Don Domingo Sebastian Del Cano and Doña Catalina Del Puerto. He obtained his first experience of the sea at an early age through perilous encounters with whales. But he soon left Guetaria to serve before the mast as a sailor and navigator, and to learn Spanish—for up to this time he knew only the Basque tongue.

Juan Sebastian served at the taking of Oran, and when he was about twenty years old he obtained suffi-

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cient money to become captain and owner of a 200 ton ship which was employed on the Levant and African Coast. But he was obliged through debt to sell his ship—unfortunately to some Genoese merchants—a deed entirely against the law. Threatened with prosecution, he took advantage of the opportunity of joining Magellan's expedition of five ships. Two Portuguese adventurers, Fernando Magellan (or Magalhaes) and Estévan Gómez, had undertaken to find a strait from the Atlantic to the South Sea so that the Spanish King could enforce his claims to the Spice Islands by reaching them from the west. Both were on board the Trinidad (of 110 tons) the former as Captain-General of the fleet, the latter as Chief Pilot. The San Antonio was commanded by a royal officer, who was overseer of the fleet—Don Juan de Cartagena—a cousin of the Bishop of Burgos. The Royal Treasurer, Don Luis de Mendoza, had command of the Victoria (eighty-five tons). The Concepción (ninety tons) was commanded by Don Gaspar de Quesada. The Santiago (seventy-five tons) by a Portuguese, Santiago by name. Sebastian Del Cano was master of Quesada's ship, although before this he had been captain of a much larger vessel. Eight other Basques who knew Sebastian were induced to go with him—the mate, Juan de Acurio came from Bermeo with four seamen and a page: the caulker also hailed from poetic Bermeo, birthplace of Ercilla. The carpenter came from Deva, which is not far along the coast, on a river that flows out between two mountains which drop perpendicularly into the sea. The expedition sailed sometime in the middle of September, 1519.

Magellan, it seems, deliberately disobeyed the King's orders, for he took aboard with him thirty Portuguese, though one of the conditions was that he was only to have five—nor was this all; he refused to take counsel with the royal officers respecting the route.

Don Juan de Cartagena remonstrated and was placed under arrest. Off the coast of Brazil the command of his ship, the San Antonio, was given to a Portuguese cousin of Magellan, and Cartagena was sent on board the Concepción. There was great discontent; Quesada and Cartagena consulted together and decided upon resistance.

Sebastian and his fellow officers of the Concepción were placed in a very difficult position. Probably their captain had told them Magellan was disregarding the King's instructions. Sebastian, under command of his superior officer, boarded the San Antonio and captured her at Port San Julián, April 2, 1520. This mutiny was suppressed by Magellan with little mercy. Mendoza was murdered and the murderer was well paid by Magellan; Quesada was beheaded; Cartagena and a priest were left to starve and die upon the land. Del Cano was pardoned with forty men. We do not know who was in the right—Magellan or Cartagena—both can be justified, but Magellan certainly put an end to discord among the members of the expedition. He had gained his purpose, maintaining the unity of the expedition and placing his Portuguese friends in command. The expedition thereupon proceeded southwards and on October 21, the feast of St. Ursula, a cape was sighted and named Cape of Eleven Thousand Virgins.

Gómez, enraged at Magellan for giving away captaincies to friends and relatives, had deserted, and the San Antonio went back to San Julián to seek for Cartagena (who was not found) and then proceeded to Spain where Gómez told Cartagena's story to the Council of the Indies.

The desertion of the San Antonio alarmed Magellan, who issued a manifesto in which he humbled himself and declared he was prepared to receive the advice of any member of the expedition. But this complete change in Magellan did not produce any effect—distrust of him was becoming general. We are told that Sebastian Del Cano did not dare put pen to paper till after Magellan's death.

During the long trans-Pacific voyage, Del Cano was steadily gaining experience. It seemed to him that Magellan was disregarding instructions completely and not shaping his course towards the Spice Islands. He was making direct for China. He stated that there were no provisions at Mahrea. It is a pity we do not know his intentions, or what was behind the mind of the great explorer. At the Philippines Magellan started to fight in the feuds of the natives with an appalling recklessness which ended with his death.

His successor, Duarte Barbosa, must have been something of a fool. Invited to a dinner party with thirty officers by a venomous native chieftain, he went, and he and all his companions were slaughtered. Del Cano who was ill, did not fall a victim to this social-minded savage. The Portuguese Carvalho then induced the survivors to elect him commander. The numbers of the crew were so diminished that the ship Concepción was burnt and the remainder of its crew distributed between the Trinidad and Victoria. Carvalho proved quite incompetent and was deposed, Gonzalo Gómez de Espinosa being chosen in his place to command the Trinidad. Del Cano was elected captain of the Victoria.

The ships now for the first time were in the hands of true Spaniards—no longer would the King's instructions be disregarded. The two vessels sailed without delay to the Spice Islands, and there, after friendly relations were established with the Kings of Tidore and Gilolo, cargoes of spices were packed aboard. They decided that the Victoria should return westwards, while the Trinidad was to take the eastern way to Mexico. A storehouse full of spices was left at Tidore for the arrival of another Spanish fleet. Juan Sebastian with his small ship then started for home. He was probably one of the most capable navigators who ever sailed the vast oceans.

Del Cano now began to keep his journal. There

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was no haughty Magellan to prevent him from expressing his own ideas. The journal as far as is known was delivered to the Secretary Samano in Spain who became Marquis of Vella Venazar. In the course of time this marquisate became merged with that of Valverde and it is more than likely that the journal is in the archives of the Valverde family.

The ship after reaching 41° and 45° south, gained San Lucar. There were eighty-five survivors in all, whilst the cargo consisted of over 520 quintals of cloves, besides mace, nutmegs, cinnamon and sandal wood. All this was delivered to Diego Diaz, agent to the great merchant Cristóval de Haro, the royal agent for spices, who had financed the expedition. Juan Sebastian's reception was enthusiastic enough. As Navarete very truly remarks, he had shown unequalled ability as a navigator; he never for one moment doubted the salvation of his ship, and his constancy was above all praise. He was received at court by the Emperor at Valladolid. The first proceeding was the appointment of an official to receive Del Cano's evidence on the discord between Magellan and the other captains—why Magellan ordered Mendoza to be killed, why Quesada was beheaded and Cartagena marooned.

The answer was considered satisfactory. Sebastian Del Cano, to quote the book, then received his well-earned but very moderate reward. He was granted a special coat of arms—spices surmounted by a globe with the inscription—Primus circumdedisti me. He was generously granted a pension of 500 ducats a year, which were never paid him. Apparently he had enemies who desired to kill him, so two fully armed retainers were allowed him as a guard.

The voyage of circumnavigation and the proceedings at the Moluccas at once raised the question as to whether the Spice Islands were within the Spanish or the Portuguese line. The Papal Bull of May 4, 1493, placed a line 100 leagues west of the Azores, all westward of this being granted to Spain. By the Treaty of Tordesillas, dated June 1, 1494, it was placed at 370 leagues west of the Cape Verde Islands. By a suggestion of Del Cano, it was agreed to hold a court to discuss the problem of whether the Spice Islands fell within the Spanish or Portuguese line, as fixed by the Treaty of Tordesillas. The first meeting was held on the frontier bridge of Caya and afterwards the deputies met alternately at Badajós and Elvas. Among the judges were Sebastian Del Cano and Hernando Colón, and the assessors included Estévan Gómez, Juan Vespucci, Sebastian Cabot, Diego Ribero the cartographer, the Master Alcarez and twelve of the crew of the Victoria. As might have been expected, no conclusion was ever reached.

Another expedition to the Spice Islands by way of the new strait was decided upon. There was to be no discord; there were to be no Portuguese. The command was given to García de Loaysa and Juan Sebastian was to be second in command, chief pilot, captain of a ship and successor to Loaysa who was to become Governor of the Moluccas.

Del Cano then returned to Guetaria to visit his native town once more. There were many relatives and friends from the Basque country who were only too willing to serve under the leadership of the great navigator of whom they were justly proud. The second expedition was filled at Coruña. Juan Sebastian seems to have been loyally attached to Loaysa. On July 24, 1524, the fleet sailed. The events in the voyage are told well by Urdaeta in his narrative—this long service on the sea was a fight for life, and Sebastian Del Cano felt that his end was not far off. On July 26, 1526, he made his will and appointed Comendador Loaysa and his brother, Martin Pérez, as executors. There was a touch of irony in the proceeding when we think that his fortune consisted of unpaid arrears for his captaincy and his pension. Cristóval de Haro, the great financier, was to collect what was due to the testator.

Juan Sebastian's will is evidence of a noble and fine character. His love for his mother bade him give her comfort and all that could be had by wealth; no friend was forgotten; no relative despised; no shrine at Guetaria was left without its gift—all those whom he had known received an affectionate farewell.

The Comendador Loaysa died on July 30, and for six weary days Juan Sebastian was admiral of the fleet. Then on September 4, he too, surrounded by all his friends, expired. A great navigator, he had always been loyal to his King and to his commander.

There is a slab in Guetaria Church placed there by Del Cano's countrymen.

"Esta es la sepultura del Insigne Capitan Juan Sebastian de El Cano vecino y natural de esta noble y leal villa de Guetaria que fue el primero que de vuelta al mundo en elnavio la victoria yen memoria de este heroe animoso mando poner esta losa D. Pedro de Echave y Asu Caballero del Orden de Calatrave Año 1671. Ruegen Dios por el."

Yet, beloved and remembered by his own people, proper recognition from the world at large has only been accorded him after 400 years.

During Dances

When we have made an end of this
Thing that is neither wind nor quiet,
And we have given over bliss
And love that only causes riot,

We may make definition of,
A thing that lies between the two
Endurances, and mention love
As casually as others do.

HAROLD VINAL.

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IS THE FRENCH PEASANT PASSING?

By HENRY LONGAN STUART

IT IS a common enough paradox that by the time what the world hails too readily as "truths" have become common property, they have ceased to be true. The French Peasant is a case in point. No figure is so standardized in the imagination of statesmen and the public generally. He is conceived as the most static unit in a world of shifting values. His attachment to the soil for which he has hungered and fought approximates the dignity of a consecration. Even his avarice, a tradition for which writers of his own race, such as de Maupassant, are largely responsible, is readily forgiven him by a school of thought which propounds self-help as the best solvent for economic troubles. His inarticulateness has become a virtue in a society that is talking and investigating far too much for the peace of mind of its higher categories. Bent and gnarled, with fingers crooked from long handling of scythe and hoe, see him stand in clumsy groups before the camera at agricultural congresses. Deputies and senators overwhelm him with sonorous praise. Medals are pinned on his ill-cut Sunday clothes, very much as rosettes are attached to the head-bands of prize ox or percheron. Hosanna to the man of toil who sweats that we may not starve, while we scheme and amuse ourselves! Cultivons nos jardins! At any rate, let us see that someone is left to cultivate them for us.

To this traditional aspect of the French peasant M. Pierre Regnier's meticulous study l'Ouvrier Agricole is more than a little upsetting. M. Regnier is Inspector-General of Agriculture, so his conclusions are weighted by authority. He is of peasant stock himself, so they are buttressed by familiarity. He has a passion for statistics, but his long tables of figures are used to documentate a story which he tells clearly and sympathetically. They should not frighten away any reader who wishes to possess a clear and comprehensive view of a man whom it is far easier to praise extravagantly, than to understand.

A preliminary study of the French peasant in the past with which M. Regnier prefaces his work, yields some results that will be disturbing to those who would still force us to regard the middle ages as a dark era of faith and ferocity. By a scientific handling of values (the only accurate method and one in which M. Boissonade has preceded him) he has no difficulty in showing that the economic situation of the French peasant today is no better but in many respects worse than that enjoyed by the enfranchised serf in the twelfth century. "Reckoning the difference in buying power of money at that period," says M. Regnier, "a harvester in the year 1200 was paid wages representing five francs a day (monetary value of the year 1900) which must for the present day be multiplied three-fold, in other words, fifteen francs. This is the actual wage paid reapers today."

Not only did the newly freed "villein" gain as much, but he worked less hard than his emancipated descendant of the twentieth century. "In country districts, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there were only 250 full working days in the year, or fifty less than today. Besides Sundays, numerous holidays of obligation had to be observed." The Church, in other words, was the guardian of the worker's leisure. To the Church he looked, and not in vain, for the amenities which ameliorated his life in this world as well as for the spiritual guidance which assured his salvation in the next.

M. Regnier is an official of a government which looks with scant respect on the Church's mission. It is all the more gratifying for the Catholic to find him accepting as substantially correct the striking picture drawn by the Vicomte d'Avenel of French peasant life in the Ages of Faith.

> From the twelfth to the thirteenth century, the custom of taking baths, hot and cold, spread throughout the country. Baths were often found in the houses, and there were public bathing establishments in the villages . . . Medicine and surgery had reached the small rural towns, and in the fourteenth century one often meets with surgeons, and druggists bound by oath to treat the peasant population . . . The rural classes, living in an atmosphere of freedom and economic ease had acquired a very marked moral physionomy. They were unrefined in their tastes but joyous and full of energy, loving the tavern, festivals, and dancing . . . They listened eagerly on their village square to the songs of roving minstrels, the sermons of mendicant monks and the gossip of the "colporteur," That walking newspaper . . . The precept of charity among them blossomed into a multitude of institutions for mutual help, and their social solidarity was shown by the numerous associations for agriculture, stock-breeding and mutual protection. A rural élite slowly grew up, capable of generosity, devotion, bravery and liberality. More than one peasant was the equal of the aristocrat in these qualities.

As in nearly every European country, it is not the feudal landlord, warlike, tyrannical, but on the whole generous, whom the French peasant has to thank for his old-time misery. His crucifixion begins with the rise of the harsh and thrifty bourgeoisie, traders, farmers and lawyers, with the influx of gold currency, with enclosures and the loss of communal rights. "With the sixteenth century, surplus value in land commences and landlords grow more exacting. His prosperity wanes. Cultivators have the utmost diffi-

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culty in preserving their ancient rights of common pasture, which are for them an absolutely necessary resource. Law suits rob them of these one by one . . . By the eighteenth century the bourgeois is in a relatively prosperous position, but the lot of the rural worker is wretched in the extreme. Documents drawn up by the Tiers Etat paint his destitution in lively colors."

The struggle of the French peasant to become the owner of the land upon which he worked is a familiar story. Up to the eve of the late war, his attachment to the soil merited all the eulogiums bestowed on it. Statistics drawn up twenty years ago showed that of 20,000,000 French rural workers, 60 percent owned their land. France was a country of peasant proprietors. But even before 1914, the exodus from the land to the cities was under way. Disquieting factors were attracting attention. Some were of general order and are being felt in every country, old or new, where large centres of population exist. "The atavistic love of the French peasant for his land," says M. Regnier, "does not resist the attraction of the large cities, with their factories and businesses, their work shared in common, their lighting and facile pleasures. Big cities may be compared to immense lamps lit up nightly, which attract, dazzle and too often destroy the millions of moths they attract."

It was the war which, in our own day, dealt the severest blow to the contentment of the French peasant. It familiarized him with the life of the cities whose attractions he had withstood. It placed in a dramatic and tragic light the real inferiority of his economic position in an industrialized world. The "paysan" was the man ineluctably designated for the trenches—in other words for death and mutilation. He was stolid, and it was a war of endurance. He was of the earth earthy, and it was a war of earthworks. He was comparatively inarticulate, so the complicated system of administration, which graded the quicker-witted townsman to the safer zones, were not for him. How disproportionately the sacrifice was borne, has already been told by Leon Daudet in "l'Hecatombe." Regnier's figures enforce the moral. They show that the peasant population of France contributed 47 percent of their manhood as against 30 percent from all the other classes of manual workers.

It is quite unlikely that these figures are analyzed and discussed at cottage firesides. But behind the situation they disclose must lurk a sentiment of sullen grievance, which makes the contrast between the shorter hours worked by the city artisan, his industrial cohesion, his superior chances for social betterment still sharper and harder to bear. In any case, the material losses to French agriculture are appalling. One million workers on the land are dead or missing, 350,000 are mutilated and largely incapacitated for field work, 250,000 have failed to return from the cities to their old pursuits. Well may M. Regnier say that the peasant has "watered with his blood the land that he had fertilized with his sweat."

How does the man from whom such abnegation is demanded in war, fare in peace? As long ago as 1904, M. Compere-Morel, a deputy who has been his unceasing champion in the Chamber, declared that, so far as social conditions and amenities of life are concerned, the French peasant was "a man living in another century." An investigation carried out by M. Ricard, since Minister of Agriculture, on the spot and on the eve of war, stated in its report that—

"We have found only four or five examples of farmers who had any conception of social duty and with whom the lodging of the farm-hands possessed the elementary comforts of a table, a chair or a stove. A chest and a few nails hammered into the wall is the rule everywhere . . ." As for waggoners, shepherds and herdsmen—"they sleep with their animals in the barn, stable or sheep pen. Their beds hardly deserve the name. They are made of planks roughly nailed together . . . On these affairs the farm-hands often sleep two by two . . . The pump in the courtyard serves for their toilet, which is not always a daily one." The report, it should be mentioned, is not speaking of casual laborers, called in during periods of stress, such as harvesting or threshing, but of men hired by the year.

The great, and apparently insurmountable obstacle to any betterment of rural conditions in France is the bitter opposition of the governing class to any extension of syndicalism or trades unionism in the provinces, or to any regulation of hours of work in the absence of an eight or ten-hour law. Rural strikes and labor movements, however insignificant, are regarded with a special horror. The ominous work "jacquerie" is always at hand when country workers try to better their conditions by organization. There is a whole school of political thought, and not in France alone, which seems to demand vocational virtues from the tiller of the soil, and to regard him benevolently only so long as his functions are confined to feeding the country in time of peace and fighting for it in time of war.

This feeling broke out with special virulence at the time of the third session of the International Conference of Labor at Geneva, when an attempt was made to extend to the agricultural classes all over the world measures already adopted at Washington in favor of seamen. Among its regulations was one to regulate the hours of farm laborers. This met with bitter and concerted opposition from French politicians. On October 19, 1921, the Commission of Agriculture of the Senate, in a long "ordre du jour," demanded that French representatives on the Conference be withdrawn if any attempt were made to regulate hours worked on the land.

Meantime, the exodus from the French country-

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side to the cities continues. M. Regnier cites six departments where the agricultural crisis is acute, twenty where it is chronic, twenty-nine where it can only be solved by the use of machinery and other expedients. One of these is the periodic and peaceful invasion of French soil by foreign farm laborers, Walloons and Flemings in the North, Italians and Swiss in the South and East, Spaniards and Portuguese in departments bordering the Pyrenees. Even Galicia and Czecho-Slovakia, since 1914, have begun to direct their congested populations on the depopulated French countryside. "At the present time," says M. Regnier, "there is a question of organizing at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs a general service of immigration, which will concern itself with the introduction and distribution of foreign workers in France."

The fact is significant in the extreme, especially in view of the low natality in France. Signs are not wanting that the "practical men" of France are becoming resigned to the prospect of securing national permanence at the price of wholesale racial dilution. The French peasant, old style, may be doomed to disappear in the amalgam on the very morrow of the day his stubborn virtues afforded us so magnificent a demonstration. The spectacle of a France whose battles will be fought by black or brown soldiers, while her fields are tilled by Spaniards, Poles and Servians is not a particularly heartening one. It is least of all heartening to those who are her lovers by tradition and long acquaintance, who enlisted to fight on her soil, and who are accused of sinister motives whenever they join their voice to that of so many patriotic Frenchmen in deploring the tares that are ripening for harvest amid her wheat.

A VANISHING ART

By MARTHA GENUNG STEARNS

AS SOON as I mention the word needlework, any masculine eye which may have strayed desultorily over the title above will sheer off again, its owner being under the impression that it means mere "fancywork," and is intended for women only. And yet there was a time when needlework was one of the major arts of the Church, and not an art only but a great educational factor. And since it is men who by their multifarious inventions have done much to destroy the craft of needlework, is it not simple justice that they should lend a hand to help reinstate it in its high place?

In those same middle ages, after the persecutions of the Church were safely over and faith glowed very warm, it was considered that no richness that man could bring, no beauty that he could devise, was too good for the glory of God and the decoration of His house. Wherever a monastery arose or a great church was built, it became a centre of education and art. And since the knowledge of reading and writing was confined chiefly to the clergy, the arts were employed as a means of education for the people. All around them, not only in the fabric of the Church but in their own homes, a sort of sign language was used to convey the great truths of religion. The episodes of our Lord's life on earth, the history of the Church and the lives of the saints, the creed itself were pictured for them in stained glass and carved stone and embroidery. If by a process of imagination we could think ourselves back to those days of the mediaeval church in Europe, we would find it not only an art, but a science of symbolism equal to that of heraldry, with a language of its own. It seems a far away time and its people a bit unreal, like the dim figures on an ancient tapestry, and perhaps we fail to realize that their minds were as eager and retentive, their eye for beauty and color as appreciative as our own, and that they were quick to read that language.

Since women were not accustomed to the pen, patterns for their needlework were made for them by the chaplain of the castle, or copied from the borders of some illuminated missal, perhaps shared and passed about among neighbors. We are told that St. Dunstan himself made embroidery designs, putting in the colors with paint, which was afterwards embroidered over. Such an origin for the design may account for the prevalence of religious subjects, but it was also true that the Church and its fasts, feasts and affairs were the main facts of life, and adding something to its store of treasures was the highest work one could undertake. And so, above all, the patient work that was put into this art, great pieces of rich fabric worked needle-stroke by stroke, inch by inch, was the expression of a very vital faith. In very old wills and inventories and parish records we find hoards of embroidered vestments and hangings and altar fittings, some very minutely described, as well as more secular pieces, mentioned as treasure, and some of the examples that have survived the ravages of the Reformation are sewn with jewels and with real gold beaten into thin strips which has not tarnished with all the years. But to the discerning eye it is the years of work, the stitch after stitch, which make the greatness of the gift. Embroidery may be likened in its technique to the art of the etcher rather than to that of the painter who can lay down a broad band of color at one stroke. Years of time and the closest application must have gone into some of these great pieces, and yet we find very little variation in the accuracy and minute care for the placing of the stitches from one end to

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the other. And those honest handwoven silks and linens and brocades were worthy of the time spent on them and are still standing up nobly under their weight of age.

Very few could read in those days outside of the clerkly profession and the monasteries; but everyone could see that in the magnificent embroideries of the Church the rose was the emblem of our Lady, and the lily of her purity. Blue was her color because it was symbolic of the soul, of Heaven, of all high things. Red was the martyr's color, and five little red flowers growing from a thorny stem were the five wounds of our Lord. Green is the earth color, and so we find the blue flower of the soul enclosed in a sheath of green to express the two parts of our nature. The tulip was not only a decorative flower but a little chalice, holding up on its straight stem something very precious. Every saint had his or her attribute, a lily, a lion, a sword, so that each one was a familiar personage well known to his clients. These examples might be multiplied indefinitely as illustrations of the language of signs in which the Church spoke to her children. The elaborately wrought altar frontals were designed by their richness and the play of light on their colors and gold to draw the eye to the central object of the sanctuary, and the mind to interior attention as well. Even though the Scriptures might not yet be read by the people, its stories and lessons were repeated on every hand.

If we could see gathered together the embroidered works of the past, a great intimate record of the world's life and history would be spread before us. There would be the ancient culture and art of the Egyptians preserved in lately-opened tombs; we would see the Christian influence beginning to creep in, the glory of old Byzantium when the picture of the emperor Constantine was embroidered, receiving in his person as "lord of the Universe" the homage of two queens who personified Rome and Constantinople, the West and the East. There would be the Vikings of the North sweeping down across Europe on their great predatory raids and wherever they paused long enough, impressing their own ways, tastes and arts on the people of the country. We have the great historic document of the Bayeux tapestry which unrolls the pictured history of the conquest of England by the Normans and the death of the English king. Envoys and pilgrims to Rome went laden with gifts for the Pope, to be given later, perhaps by one of his successors, to a well-deserving archbishop or for a royal coronation, and so to be scattered all across the world.

We find the natives of tropic countries embroidering tulips and strawberry plants and acorns where none of these things ever grew, so that we may speculate endlessly as to when, where, and how their contacts with the northern peoples first began. When silk first began to take the place of linen and wool for the working, we have the first signs of traffic with the East, and then when cotton fabrics made their appearance it marked the opening up of the great riches of India. There was a period when the tiny figures of saints and angels embroidered on copes and dalmatics tipped over backward in a strange swaying line, which is attributed by some students to the time when the ivory tusks were first brought into Europe, and, like all the richest and most precious things, were used for the Church, statues for the altar and shrine: all of the ecclesiastical arts being so closely allied that illuminated miniatures and embroidered figures adopted the same curve from the natural shape of the ivory. Early voyages and conquests, stolen treasure, gifts of friendship between monarchs, peace offerings and the cementing of an international alliance—all these are visible in our record of stitches: geography, exploration, diplomacy, and commerce.

Then came the Reformation in England, and with it destruction and decay. Wonderful vestments and palls were cut up to make cushions and bed hangings; others were burnt in order that the gold might be more easily removed; figures of God and the saints, exquisitely embroidered, were of course destroyed with special attention to thoroughness. The things that remain to us of that old English treasure have survived only after many vicissitudes, such as the famous Syon cope, which was already very old when it was carried from England to Portugal by the Brigittine nuns from Syon who considered it their chief treasure, worked all over as it was with miniatures of the Crucifixion, the Assumption of the Virgin, St. Michael and the dragon, and much heraldic design; it passed through almost as many misadventures in the way of earthquakes and shipwrecks as St. Paul, and then came back to England after three hundred years. Other pieces are still being discovered from time to time in the hiding places in the walls of old country houses where they have lain for generations, many of which must have been worn by the martyrs. And after all this glorious tradition comes the ignoble decline, down through the crawling insects and other unpleasant realism of the Tudor period to the Victorian sunflower embroidered on maroon velvet, which England is just beginning to live down.

On the continent the work still went on for a time, especially in Italy which has always been the very centre of art, and where symbolism was perfectly understood and greatly used. Each of the European nations had its own tradition arising from its own experience, which persisted for a while; Spain influenced by its contact with the Moors, so that much of its design was an introduction of architectural forms, arches and pillars ill-adapted for rendering in stitches; Portugal showing the contact with her great colonies in the East by becoming purely Oriental, and so on.

But since the great days when everyone had some portion in the task, it has fallen more and more into the hands of professionals, with less of desire and more of duty, less originality and more of mere copy-

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ing, until the freshness and spontaneity have gone out of it and it has become mechanical and commercial. Every succeeding century has seen less needlework being done, its possibilities less realized, until with our own age of machine work it bids fair to disappear altogether. Every day some new invention for our convenience or pleasure sees the light, contrived by turning a wheel or pressing a button, and by this inexorable progress of machinery we are in danger of losing our gift of self-expression in the creating of individual things: it is so cheap and easy to buy machine-made ones, or to be content with imported ones made by the peasants in foreign lands on whom the blight has not yet fallen. It is not that we are losing our love of beauty, for we are coming more to treasure the old things that have come down to us. But the great mass of American men and women are afraid of originality, and they have no time for work which must necessarily progress so slowly. We want quick returns, not only for the money we spend but for spent time.

We never stop to think, as we admire and wonder over the old things as something far beyond the reach of our emulation, whether we ourselves will leave behind some expression of our personalities, tastes and aspirations, to future generations, other than the unlovely revelation that we were content with cheap, trifling, unworthy things. Two hundred years from now, what of ours will survive, and what, indeed, will be worthy to survive?

If we have ever tried, even falteringly and imperfectly, to create something of our own, to give some expression to our own thoughts and ideas, we have begun at least to learn the language of art. And if the word art has a rather vast and frightening sound, let us take to that much-abused word craft, for the crafts should be open to us all. And surely of all implements the needle is the most common and easily mastered. It would be a salutary thing if one day all the wheels in the world stopped turning for a time, and threw us on our own resources.

But there is another and a higher need which makes its appeal. If, as Mr. Albert Sterner says, "the artist should begin with the simple and the concrete, and then build on that, drawing step by step upon our common human experience," let us begin with that fundamental need of expressing our faith Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam. The Church has always been the patron of the arts. We have the same faith, the same impulses of love and devotion which inspired men to their highest effort in the creation of beauty during the Ages of Faith. But the vestments in our churches have lost their grace and softness; those great billowing silken banners, embroidered with lilies and crosses and leopards, which seemed to come alive in the wind, have become stiff conventional squares held rigid with weights in the corners which no wind of heaven could fill with grace. There are scalloped satin frontals upon which crocheted roses have been applied, which seem to have a horrid fascination for the eye at the most solemn moments. All the beauty and spontaneity and simplicity have gone out of these things and they are merely fussy. If we could only get away from these meager strips of silk cut exactly to fit the lectern and the altar, and go back to that splendid gesture with which a queen of old England threw her great coronation mantle over the altar, saying that such beauty and the fruit of so much toil was worthy of God Himself and too great for a mere queen, perhaps the conviction might begin to grow that, in spite of our modern standardization of thought and expression, our machine-made conveniences and all the placid daily stupidities of our lives, there is a need beyond that which only our own hands can fill.

LOUIS LE CARDONNEL

By J. G. C. Le CLERCQ

LATE in November the Ministry of Public Instruction, through a committee headed by France's greatest lyric poet, the Comtesse de Noailles, awarded the Prix Lasserre to the Abbé Louis Le Cardonnel. This prize is unlike many French prizes in that commercial consideration, private intrigue and temporary vogue can scarcely be said to influence the jury; it is, moreover, designed to crown the entire work of an author rather than to single out a special performance. Last year the laureate was M. Victor Giraud, the brilliant critic, whose recent Vie Héroïque de Blaise Pascal met with such warm approval. The bestowal of the prize upon the author of Poèmes, Carmina Sacra, Du Rhône à l'Arno and De l'Une à l'Autre Aurore this year sets a permanent seal of commendation on his long and assiduous career. It is particularly noteworthy since Louis Le Cardonnel has held himself aloof for over a quarter of a century; he is over sixty years of age, yet has only rarely broken his deep silence; his contribution to current literary periodicals has been almost nil. Again, such diverse and important personalities as MM. Lucien Descaves, Georges Lecomte and Gabriel Fauré sponsored his candidature, and, the award made, there has been no single protest. It is pleasurable to know that in our day of highly organized mercantilism, there is an occasional instance of a solitary receiving such an eminently merited tribute in the course of his life time.

Louis Le Cardonnel was born at Valence, in Prov-

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ence, in 1862. His antecedents, as his name shows, were distinctly Celtic; he has in one of his poems paid homage to them, and, in much of his work, one discerns a mystical element, particularly characteristic of that race. Yet his native Provence fostered the love of clarity and perfection inherent in the Latin; his life in Paris and his association with Coppée, Verlaine, Moréas, Retté and Samain increased it along certain lines; finally, when faith came to him, it was due to Rome with her "mélancolique immutabilité" and to Assisi "qui parle au coeur du plus profond accent." It is no wonder then that he has cultivated the austerity of solitude and the hardship of discipline, in which stern school he developed a pretty singing talent into a serenity that recalls Virgil into an heroic and mystic suavity akin to that which Dante found; into a grace that we consider peculiarly Racine's. He has been ever studious to submit his thought and its expression to a Latin order, pellucid clarity, balance, and here is the secret of his lofty music. His artistic creed may be summed up in his own words—"la grâce antique avec l'esprit nouveau," which is achieved by a "labeur âpre et male," making possible the launching of a verse—

"Dans le contour serré d'une forme sévère!"

and his moral creed finds its expression in—

"Cette antique union du poète et du prêtre,
Tous deux consolateurs et tous deux inspirés."

But such high calm was not won without a struggle. Leaving Valence at the age of twenty, Louis Le Cardonnel went to Paris where he moved in literary circles; he was one of the habitués at Mallarmé's meetings in the rue de Rome; Coppée, Verlaine, and especially Retté and Moreas were his intimate friends. He formed a part of the group which later founded the Mercure de France, and he himself would surely have been among them had not his path led him into the church and away from the turbulent activity of Paris with its miasma of doubts that he so eloquently describes in the epilogue of his first book Poèmes (1904). In his earlier days he was a symbolist par excellence; his pieces in such periodicals as Samain's and Moréas's give evidence of this. His finest performance in this direction is the spirited poem to Louis II of Bavaria, with its ending in a music as inevitable as beauty itself—

Vous revenez, quand vibre en vos châteaux déserts,
Le cri walkyrien des paons, au crépuscule.

His first call to the church came in 1888, when he entered the seminary of Issy. Coppée had joined the Church of Rome before; the brilliant conversion of J. K. Huysmans had already taken place; it was not unnatural that the young symbolist should tend towards such a solution. But he returned to the world in a short time; it was not until six years later that he entered the seminary of Rome, to be ordained priest in 1896. From there he went to Pierrelette, in his native country, as curé, having spent some time previously at the Abbaye de Ligugé, near Poitiers, where Huysmans had lived and which he had described so vividly in his record. A prize from the Academy—the Prix Archon Despérouses, with a value of five hundred francs—took him once more to Assisi. Since then he has traveled extensively, gratifying his Celtic "désir du voyage et attrait des exils." At times he has dwelt in Rome, in Florence, in Assisi; for a while he was called to Fribourg; frequently he returned to his beloved Provence.

The significance of Louis Le Cardonnel lies mostly in his evolution into classicism and in the influence this evolution has played on various writers. Starting from symbolism, as did Moréas and Maurice du Plessis, his progress was no forced or artificial change, as was the creation of the "Ecole Romane," but an even, steady growth. That is why in his case it is less easy to point at once to the effect he has had on younger writers, for these are not organized into anything so stiff and formal as a self-conscious school or a group with a propaganda and an apologia. He stands therefore alongside of Henri de Regnier in the latter's final period, though his development is more spontaneous than even Regnier's. In his writing, even in the later pieces, he can still evoke a passionate bitterness. The poet who said—

"Toi qui rêves d'amour, toi qui rêves de gloire,
Avant que de tenter ces périlleuses mers,
Grave cette sentence au fond de ta mémoire:
Le myrte et le laurier sont tous les deux amers."

does not flinch from enveighing, in De l'Une à l'Autre Aurore (1924) against those men of our day—

"Ces vivants qui ne sont que des morts agités."

Louis Le Cardonnel has retained the essential purity and harmony of symbolism, its ideal still impregnates his poetry; he has added to it, however, an earnestness and a serenity by means of which he can reflect the incidents of his life, his journeys, his friendships, his sacred aspirations and his profane doubts with a classical objectivity. His inspiration and ideal are Catholic; his imagination, mystical in concept and rhythmic in expression, is Celtic; his final endeavor reflects a search for pure art in sacerdotal poetry.

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To a Poet Who Wrote of Lincoln

(*Edward William Thomson—Requiescat in pace.*)

Your book lies by me on the sand—
  Here where I lonely sit and mark
  The billows crashing in from stark
Untrammeled vasts of sea to land.

The dunes are as heaped misty gold
  Drenched in the sun's transmuting wine,
  Whereon the golden poppies twine
And wind-warped oaks keep twisted hold.

As molten sapphire is the sea,
  Save for exasperated foam
  That chafes the shore it cannot roam
With white rebellion splendidly.

The blue serene high dome of sky
  Temples the world—as though its God
  Had come to walk upon its sod,
Drawn by this day's meet majesty.

The purple hills behind me rise
  And close this valley of the West
  Where Beauty lives dominion-blessed—
As Love might live if man were wise.

Here by the great Pacific's verge
  Your book's voice and the sea's o'erwhelm
  All other voices of life's realm,
Together chanting Lincoln's dirge.

I do not know or sea or song
  The more my soul with wonder thrills,
  The sea was 'ere yon purple hills,
But song may be when these belong

With other seas and hills that passed
  From their appointed time and place,
  To lend some undiscovered trace
To this our world—that will not last.

In other flesh did Lincolns die—
  In bygone days the poet's dirge,
  Moaned by the elder ocean's verge,
Brought from dead hearts a mourning cry.

And still must other Lincolns bleed,
  And still must poets dirge their dooms—
  For still the ancient menace glooms
Upon all sons of Adam's seed.

The menace of men's hate for Man—
  O bitter drink and Judas kiss,
  That ev'ry Christ must know, nor miss
Gethsemane's woe and Mary's ban!

Ah, strange it is to us who know
  The worth of love—as Lincoln knew—
  To see the sword of Hate strike through
The peace of Love and bring it low!

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

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COMMUNICATIONS

THE SUPERCONSCIOUS

Glendale, L. I.

TO the Editor:—The Commonweal for November 26 and January 28 carried articles headed The Superconscious and The Sense of the Divine, respectively.

When the Church rightfully may claim to be the mother of civilization called Christian which has superseded all others in fact and in quality, it seems too late for psychology to play the usurper in history. The Church will readily agree, too, that Christ is the Father of our civilization and the indwelling of the Holy Spirit has fostered His work.

Error is weak in that it ricochets and upon examination brings out some fossilized, discarded or dead issue. It identifies itself with things condemned in other days. "Behold, I make all things new," says truth. "Behold," says error "my news is old." In Jules Bois's second article we read "Life's source has the purity of snow and the glow of a furnace—a volcano lies beneath the glacier." To a nicety this mountainous figure fits the doctrine of Protestantism, which makes the forgiveness of sin merely a concealment of sin, and which makes justification a "forensic declaration" and outward dress of the justice of God. Meanwhile, Christ has said—"I am the vine, you are the branches."

"The Sense of the Divine," the superconsciousness in both articles, is nothing more to Jules Bois than the "Adjutorium Dei," the grace of creation as conceived by Pelagius. Our "superiorities" are "pale and finite," "the copy of the One whose image we must be." It is not the grace of God without which "you can do nothing" as St. Augustine says—"Without the sap of grace the branch cannot live." Bois says—"It is more than human," yet it is only the Pelagian Adjutorium Dei grace of creation "since it descends from Sinai and Golgatha." Since it descends from Sinai, it is not grace, for "The justness of God has been manifested quite apart from the Law." (Romans iii.) It is not grace even though "from Golgatha" because it is "human still because it shines in our spiritual masters." Who these are he tells us too—"the heroes and the saints." But then, later he mentions "Lincoln, Dante, Shakespeare, Pasteur." Bois, like Pelagius, tells us of the stoic principle of the unlimited energy of nature; also, the grace of creation, the wise man's self-sufficiency, the confidence in the instinctive faculties which ought to guide men's actions, the strength of will sufficient, "by the example of Golgatha," to desire and to attain the loftiest ideal; and the value of Christ being merely limited to instruction. Bois tells us—"It is their superconsciousness, their genius—." Pelagius said Christian grace is merely an illumination of the mind, which does not make possible meritorious works, but only facilitates the performance. "The superconscious," Bois says, "has since the first days when man appeared on earth . . . withstood so many trials, created civilization, risen into regions where we have a presentiment of the eternal verities." The superconscious, "carries on a thrill to a maximum of consciousness and a maximum of conscience."

What becomes of the text—"send forth Thy spirit and they shall be created, and Thou shalt renew the face of the earth?" Or the doctrine—grace is a supernatural gift of God, a super-sense which was not there before in the soul of intellectual creatures of God. Grace is necessary to salvation, and received through the channels of the sacraments. But Bois says—"it signifies merely self-expression or the unfolding of what is at birth folded within each one of us individually."

Truly, the redemption is of no import as heretofore believed, for the superconscious was "in young Sophocles contending agains the Persians," and the "Muse" "belongs to that higher plane in man's constitution." "The Greeks" "expressed the superconscious." In Christian life, however, and in Christian art, the superconscious "has been truly and completely revealed." Not as anything new, for—"Stoicism has transmitted it to us, yet with dryness, in a sad, aimless renunciation."

But St. Augustine says, quoting the Gospel—"It is the spirit that quickeneth [not the superconscious]. It is the spirit that maketh lively the limbs. Now, if any man hath not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His." And again—"We dwell in Him when we are His members, and He dwelleth in us when we are His temple. But the bond whereby we are made His members is oneness, and what is oneness but love."

To St. Augustine the superconscious meant the supernatural union with Christ, of whom the stoics and the heroes of history and myth knew nothing. The subconscious, which Bois elaborately describes, was, in the mind of St. Augustine "the devil and his wicked angels, against whom we wrestle within," for "we wrestle against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of darkness of this world." St. Augustine was definite and not fantastic, and the Church is final and clear on the doctrine of grace—a gift supernatural, conceded to intellectual creatures by God for their eternal salvation. In nature and in essence it is exalted unspeakably above the superconscious whose existence pertains only to the epistemology of Jules Bois, who should recall the text—"That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit." We must "be born again" of "water and the Holy Ghost," and again "not of blood—nor of the will of man" nor of the will of stoics, heretics of old, nor of the superconscious self-sufficiency, but rather of the Word made flesh for "in Him was life and the life was the light of men."

REV. J. AUGUST RATH.

CATHOLIC PROBATION TEST

Cleveland, O.

TO the Editor:—It was with considerable interest that I read the article in the January 28 number of The Commonweal entitled Catholic Probation Test.

I have no doubt that such an inquiry conducted under the competent direction of Mr. Cooley will be of very great importance. However, certain statements in the article raise the question in my mind as to whether The Commonweal is not in this instance making the same mistake which is so common to the general public, viz., confusing parole and probation. The distinction between the two systems is frequently lost sight of with the result that one is blamed for the shortcomings of the other.

You say—"Judges are blaming the parole system, that is to say probation for the extension of crime in these parts," etc. Probation is the system of dealing with offenders under sen-

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tence of the court without placing them in a penal or correctional institution. Parole is the conditional release of the offenders after having served a period in the institution. Further you say—"Yet there is something in the criticism of the Judges and the police officials. In the all too common crimes of rapine and violence which disfigure the pages of the daily newspapers, the culprits or some of them are apt to be recidivists to whom liberty has been given before sufficient improvement has been effected and with inefficient guardianship."

In fairness to probation, the benefits of which, as you were good enough to note, have been demonstrated by the Massachusetts Survey, are you not dealing with the question of probation in a specious manner when you say "the culprits or some of them, etc.?"

The influence of The Commonweal is such that such a misstatement is potentially dangerous to the advancement of probation for which all informed persons are striving. Incidentally, Mr. Cooley is not now president of the National Probation Association, but that office is held by Judge Henry S. Hulbert of Detroit.

JAMES P. KIRBY.
Chairman, Committee on Public Opinion, National Probation Association.

MR. McCULLAGH AND THE FRANCISCANS

Arrochar, S. I.

TO the Editor:—Your reproduction of the preface to the second edition of Francis McCullagh's The Bolshevik Persecution of Christianity, coupled with the laudatory press notices the author is receiving from the National Catholic Welfare Council, would seem to indicate that this gentleman is again back in the Catholic Church. Can you or any of your readers inform me whether or not such is the case?

I was under the impression that when he accused certain members of the Order of St. Francis as he did in the columns of the London Daily News shortly after the second Balkan war, of openly conniving at murder, he reversed the usual order and sought a different shrine at which to pray.

Has Mr. McCullagh withdrawn the accusation? Perhaps that gentleman himself may feel constrained to reply.

P. D. MURPHY.

New York City, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I am afraid that Mr. P. D. Murphy depends on a very hazy memory, otherwise he would have been more specific: he would have said, for example, "in Tripoli, at the beginning of the Italian occupation" instead of "shortly after the second Balkan war,"—and he would have known that I never left the Catholic Church since first I became a member of it as a child.

To accuse certain members of the Order of St. Francis or of any other order of having connived at murder is not ipso facto to incur excommunication, and it is not necessary to leave the Church in order to be able to criticize any one inside it. I have the greatest admiration for the sons of St. Francis, and before leaving England three months ago I paid a visit to their great abbey of Pantasaph in North Wales and was most kindly received by the friars, but no Franciscan would ever maintain that every single person who has worn their habit for the last seven centuries has been beyond all criticism. The Fraticelli were utterly wrong and unorthodox and were condemned by Rome. And, in the same way, other religious orders have had their black sheep. Luther was a monk, yet those who criticize him do not necessarily criticize the great religious order to which he belonged. There is in England at present a Mr. McCabe, formerly a Franciscan, who is a bitter enemy of all Christianity. Would Mr. Murphy object to my criticizing him because he was once a Franciscan?

In my case I saw in Tripoli a native boy dying amid the ashes of an Arab encampment, and I criticized a Franciscan whom I met close by for giving him no assistance though he had promised to do so and was able, on account of his official position in the Red Cross, to make good his promises. That criticism I do not withdraw. I still think that the great saint of Assissi would have run to the assistance of that dying lad.

As for "laudatory press notices," I might mention that my book has been graciously accepted by the Holy Father, who has sent me his thanks and Apostolic Benediction, and that it has been highly praised by such great authorities as the Archbishop of Lemberg; the Superior-General of the Foreign Missions (Paris); Father Vincent McNab (who is not only a great Dominican and a great Democrat but also a great Irishman); Archbishop Cieplak; Cardinal Bourne; Cardinal Mercier; Cardinal Gasquet. . . .

I could give still other names, but I think I have given enough to counterbalance the name of Mr. P. D. Murphy.

FRANCIS MCCULLAGH.

Time Is Not

I am a child in the world,
  Fed by beautiful things—
  Roses, the hum of wings,
The sky of evening, pearled
And opaled, with liquid fire
  Lying like lakes between;
  Night, and the pallid sheen
Of the moon, and the insect choir,
And moths that dance in the beam
Of my light, and my opened book
  Whereat sometimes I look—
And my dream.

Why am I so content
  In life's inconsequent maze?
  Because I count no days
Nor hours, nor call them spent,
And weep that they are no more.
  O mortal, do you not know
  Though these poor hours go
There are endless hours in store?
Life is a passing day,
  The next is dawning ahead,
  And when we seem to be dead,
The living have led us away.

LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Silence

MR. H. B. WARNER is back on Broadway in another variation of his familiar rôle—the reformed crook. Silence does not seem to be quite up to the standard of Alias Jimmy Valentine, yet it is sufficiently well arranged and has strong enough suspense to hold the complete attention of the audience and to serve as most excellent frame-work for Mr. Warner's particular talents.

The problem of Silence is briefly this—Should a man, unjustly convicted of murder, allow himself to be put to death rather than reveal information which will injure those he loves?

The curtain goes up on the anteroom in the death house of a western prison, where Jim Warren is being pressed by his own lawyer and by the district attorney to give information which both of them are certain will lead to his release, but no argument will move him. For a reason which he has not confided even to his attorney he prefers silence and death to the injury which a confession would inflict on others.

The next scene carries us back twenty years to the time when Jim Warren is on the verge of marrying a saloon-keeper's widow for her money in order to restore some stolen property. He has really been in love with Norma Drake, who is to have a child by him. At this moment a cross destiny appears in the form of Phil Powers, who, knowing Norma's history, still wishes to marry her and give her a home. This he does before Jim Warren can intervene and Jim is left to continue his vagabond career.

The second act brings us once more to the present time. Norma Drake, it appears, had died shortly after her marriage to Powers, leaving a daughter, also named Norma. Certain political interests, including the district-attorney, are trying to blackmail Powers, who has now become an influential newspaper editor. Letters written twenty years before to Jim Warren by Norma Drake are stolen from Jim's trunk. Jim comes to the Powers home to warn them of the danger and for the first time meets his own daughter. In a moment of real dramatic importance, Powers decides to tell Norma who her real father is, hoping in this way to get ahead of the blackmailers. But one of them comes to the house, threatens Powers with the publication of the letters which disclose Norma's parentage. In the course of his tirade, he starts to abuse Norma's mother. Almost involuntarily she uses a revolver which she had taken from her father. The blackmailer is found dead by the police and Jim Warren assumes the blame. It is really, then, to protect his own daughter that he will not speak.

There is another moment of considerable dramatic intensity when the district-attorney sends a man, dressed as a priest, to hear Jim's final confession. This man works Jim to the point of revealing the truth. Then, with the entrance of the real prison chaplain, Jim discovers his mistake. In the end, of course, everything turns out satisfactorily and the mouth of the district-attorney is closed by the counter blackmail of Jim Warren, who has information of the former's private graft in certain gambling rings.

I have given the story in more detail than usual because in spite of the inherent good qualities of the play, it seems to me that it contains too many tricks and facile solutions to be really powerful. The final solution particularly is very weak. It is just one of those cases when our feelings are apt to get the better of us and we approve something when applied to the villain, which we distinctly disapprove the moment it acts the other way. It is a typical case of saying that the end justifies the means, which is thoroughly unsound, no matter how we may gloss it over. In other words, the author, Mr. Marcin, seems to start out with an idea of unusual interest and then, encountering serious difficulty, to work it out in the easiest way permitted by the limits of time and space. It is one of those plays which unfortunately ends with a question mark.

"Mrs. Partridge Presents—"

THIS is a very amusing story of the sub-flapper generation in which, if we are to believe the authors, very old and conservative instincts are coming into their own again. It is the mother in this play (and not the children) who believes in the well-known ideas of a career, freedom and financial independence.

Mrs. Partridge, who runs a fashionable dressmaking establishment in the upper east side of New York, had, in her early days, so distressing a marriage experience, surrounded by too many of her husband's relatives, that she has acquired a fine passion for independence which she projects vigorously on her son and daughter. Without seriously consulting their wishes, she has mapped out for them the career of artist and actress, respectively.

The son is not really interested in his art studies and the daughter is hopelessly untalented in matters dramatic. The son, strangely enough, wants to be a prosaic engineer, to earn his living by building bridges, while the daughter, having met a rich and respectable scion of a Boston family, decides that nothing will satisfy her more completely than marriage and the prospect of children. In the end, both the son and daughter have their way, but not before Mrs. Partridge has used every artifice at her command to hold them to the rather doubtful freedom she has planned.

Blanche Bates fits herself admirably into the rôle of the neurotic, head-strong Mrs. Partridge. In portraying the latter's complete unconsciousness of the pressure she is putting on her children under the guise of bestowing freedom, Miss Bates has done a very subtle and fine piece of work.

But, if the truth must be told, the honors of the occasion fall to Miss Ruth Gordon in a part that has no essential bearing on the play whatever—the rôle of Katherine Everitt, a rather boring and romantic-minded friend of Mrs. Partridge's daughter. It is literally true that Miss Gordon's part could be carved completely out of the play without any real effect upon the plot, other than its shortening. Yet so splendidly does Miss Gordon carry off the inanities of this alternately timid and gushing young person that the real applause and most of the solid amusement of the evening fall to her share. One recalls gratefully Miss Gordon's previous work in the leading rôle of Tweedles; but in the brief moments allotted to her in the present play, she outdoes even her achievement of a year ago.

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The New Chauve Souris

ONE always hopes for the best from Mr. Balieff, but occasionally one gets too generous a sprinkling of uncooked bran. The Chauve Souris, winter edition of 1925, is distinctly disappointing in two ways. It throws itself into competition with the motion picture palaces and regulation musical reviews by too many conventional ballet numbers; and it also lacks something of the verve and comic intensity which made the earlier programs an instantaneous joy.

Here and there the old spark still glows. The scene in which the belle of the regiment is wooed in turn by the drummer, the sargeant, the lieutenant, the colonel and the general, each supplanting the other by the conclusive argument of rank is done with a certain sprightliness and vigor. But who can say that it compares with Katinka of yore? Perhaps the best sketch of all is a delectable travesty of the Italian operas of the 1890 period called The Four Corpses. It is carried off with splendid solemnity. But even this is obvious in everything except execution. I personally got the most pleasure from that scene in a distant province of Russia when the officers and ladies of many a year ago lounged about in the enjoyment of a picnic lunch and sang the simplest and most haunting of folk songs. This, at least, was Russian. The story of the Volga pirate who threw his Persian princess to the waves, and the picture in the Cossack camp were also good touches. As for the incongruity and bad taste of including The Arrival at Bethlehem in a program of Russian, French and Italian vaudeville, the less said the better.

When Choosing Your Plays

Two Married Men—In which the masculine protest works with one wife and not with the other—and why. Construction poor.
Pigs—Rural comedy scoured with Sapolio for cleanliness. Good characterization.
Patience—A splendid revival of Gilbert and Sullivan.
Old English—A fine portrait, superbly acted by George Arliss, with false sentiment dangerously obscuring the real moral.
"Mrs. Partridge Presents"—Reviewed above.
Chauve Souris—Reviewed above.
Silence—Reviewed above.
Candida—Splendid acting of a play in which Bernard Shaw exhibits his unsound philosophy and his sound instincts side by side.
New Brooms—Frank Craven delightful in his own comedy.
Othello—A splendid production with Walter Hampden.
Peter Pan—Marilyn Miller and Broadway mixed up in Barrie's play.
S. S. Glencairn—O'Neill at his earliest and least interesting.
Quarantine—Considerable veneer pasted over an unwholesome comedy.
The Little Clay Cart—An ancient Hindu play with morals not easily understood today, but cleanly and charmingly presented.
Desire Under the Elms—Eugene O'Neill at his most morbid repast.
They Knew What They Wanted—A play with a tragic beginning and a fine ending.
Minick—An excellent comedy showing remarkable insight into the problem of two generations under one roof.
White Cargo—A morbid story of the white man's degeneration in the tropics. Mostly unrelieved gloom.
Dancing Mothers—In which a flapper reforms and her mother does the reverse. Well acted, but the outlook unhealthy.
The Show-Off—A sterling comedy that touches a guilty chord in many who laugh at it uproariously.
What Price Glory—A very fine, though not a great, play, which tries to be pacifist, but only succeeds in extolling true glory.
The Guardsman—A play in which the artistic temperament and infidelity are selected as comic themes.

BOOKS

Headwaters of Canadian Literature, by Archibald MacMechan. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.

FOREST rangers in Canada are now using hydroplanes to make the rounds of their vast territories, watching from the clouds for the tell-tale smoke of fires where no fires should be, and dropping on any convenient lake when they need to come to earth. It is an easy way, too, of tracing unfamiliar rivers to their source and untangling networks of waterways.

Professor MacMechan of Halifax has just issued a modest handbook on Headwaters of Canadian Literature, in which he pursues a like swift and easy method of observation, a sort of bird-man's sweeping view of the sparsely settled wilds of Canadian letters. I booked myself for an hour's passage or two with Mr. MacMechan as pilot, with every confidence and the expectation of a pleasant cruise at comfortable speed and not too daring an altitude, and was not disappointed. Or if I was disappointed at all, it was only in spots and at moments, and that was not the fault of my pilot, but was due to our exigent conveyance. An airplane view of a country does not permit of dalliance by the way. You cannot hover indefinitely at your sweet will over one spot, however alluring. There is no idle vagabondage in the air. To loaf is to plunge to death. Moreover if you are out to make a survey of headwaters in a single flight you must be on your way. It isn't in the least like poling up one entrancing river after another, bend after bend, and stepping ashore to boil a kettle and make a brew of tea whenever you feel inclined, as we did in the brave days of yore. That is the good old-fashioned method of exploration, if one wishes to make an anthology of the wilderness, as it were—a treasury of choice camp-sites and fishing pools.

This taking in of numerous headwaters at a glance from the air, is something quite different. At times while flying with pilot MacMechan at wild speed from ocean to ocean, as the continent slipped below us, I had a rabbit-brained inclination to jump overboard into some charming wild meadow or by some silvery stream bank, and idle there in luxury. I would catch a glimpse of some familiar headwater, hear my mentor call its name, and in a flash it was gone, leaving me disconsolate and confused. I would so gladly have lingered.

Several headwaters, delightful streams of fluent lyricism like the Roberts and the Lampman, well known in days afoot, I would have been glad to revisit at greater leisure. Here were rivers of content known of old in the slow voyageur student days. Their very names have a thrill. But bird-men cannot wait upon the idler's mood, and we must hurry on. Regretfully I took them at a gasp, resigned to the speed of modernity, the age of mechanical triumph, at the risk of a return to chaos. Then there is the Scott, a glorious silver stream of limpid magic, a near neighbor to the Lampman. I barely heard the name as we roared by. The Crawford, one of the brightest of Canadian streams, we did not even sight, though I was eagerly hoping to see it from our lofty plane.

Over one of these eastern headwaters, however, my pilot circled for several pages, remarking upon it in his generous way, and I am not a little abashed to have to reserve judgment on the qualities of that by-way of the wilderness. But the truth is I have fished it so long that my zest for its rapids and pools begins to grow a little jaded, I fear.

In short, I must stick to my old canoeman's ways of traversing the Wilderness of Artistry and Letters, and spying out their headwaters, and I can recommend it as being very delight-

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ful, though very lazy. But for any brisk reader who would have a clear and swift view of some of the sources of Canadian literature, Professor MacMechan is to be most heartily commended as a competent and very agreeable guide.

The main point is, however, that Canada is by no means an ill-watered country, in this metaphysical sense, as Mr. MacMechan shows. In half a dozen chapters Beside the Atlantic, In Quebec, The National Impulse, In Montreal, East and West, and an Epilogue, he covers his subject fluently and entertainingly. The Dominion is, for the most part, rather a terra incognita to the average English or American reader, and if she cannot compare with her elder compeers of the English-speaking world in the compelling interest of her writers, her youth must be remembered in extentuation. Age seems to be an essential to the production of an abundant and ripe literature or art. And if Canadian letters, as yet, are lacking in volume, they have many conditions which are surely favorable to growth and quality. A sane and serious private life, a sober adherence to the best traditions, a frugality of taste, an excellent educational system, a great respect for law and order, a deep and enduring love of country, and a governmental system not wholly undermined by the democratic fallacy and a crass materialism, are conditions favoring wholesome growth of spirit, mind, and physique, from which the finer flowering of the arts may spring.

BLISS CARMAN.

The Green Hat, by Michael Arlen. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

THE GREEN HAT is one of five books from the pen of Michael Arlen, but it represents a good deal more than a fifth of his work. It is really the achievement of what the other four merely attempt. It says, with tropical ripeness, what they can be heard aspiring to say. It takes all those highly special reactions to existence which their author has spread, in various stages of immaturity, over their pages—his instinct for night places, dance clubs, supper rooms, his ecstasy before the smartness of the socially important, his susceptibility to the lovely pale ladies and exquisitely nonchalant lords, with their cars, their epigrams, their adulteries, their country houses, their arrogant, graceful poverty and their Beaconsfieldian wealth—and fuses them, by sheer intensity, into a prose poem sincerely expressing his vision of beauty. The London Adventure, The Romantic Lady, Piracy, These Charming People —these are only the broken arcs; The Green Hat is the perfect round.

There is a plot unfolded in connection with all this, of course, though it is a little difficult to tell it in outline without making it sound like a parody. This is partly because Mr. Arlen knows too little about the human character to be able to motivate a sustained narrative in any way that will not seem preposterous; and partly because he is so voluptuously absorbed in his material that he is unable to manage it with detachment and, hence, with credibility. The story deals with a noble bad woman and a noble good man, who are parted in their youth by the man's cruel father. They go their ways, the woman to her lovers, the man to his honorable career. Their meeting later is charged with disaster for both, and ultimately—for reasons wholly obscured by the literary hysteria of the final scenes—the woman commits suicide.

But it is not, after all, Mr. Arlen's psychological realism which invites one's lengthiest consideration.

He has been compared, first and last, to almost everyone else; but no one, I think, has pointed out his resemblance to Rudyard Kipling. Of course it is not an obvious resemblance. It lies deeper than mere style or mere matter, and has nothing to do with an expertness in epigram or a flare for putrescence. Yet it is unmistakably there—the abiding similarity of snobbishness, a snobbishness which has ceased long ago to be a social meaness and has become a genuine creative medium. Each presents the contrast between a large background—in Kipling's case, imperial India, in the younger author's the cosmopolitan circles of western Europe—and an exquisitely provincial consciousness which borrows exultant importance from that background. Neither can be imagined as existing intellectually apart from his material; and in each the snobbishness is so rapt, so lyrical, that it amounts to dedication, and actually releases genius. Of course the parallel must not be pressed too far. Kipling is the more honest writer; he would not, for instance, after savoring and romanticizing a certain kind of recherché wickedness, engage in solemn talk about God and shame and sin, deliberately to create a foil for the depravity in which he had steeped his book, as Mr. Arlen does in The Green Hat. He is the saner and the more truly romantic artist. Most important of all, his scope is wider. What a first-rate mind feels for humanity, he feels, after all, for the whole of the Anglo-Saxon race; whereas Mr. Arlen feels it only for the English smart set—or rather, for that section of the English smart set which exhibits a proclivity for the decadent and overblown in conduct and ideas.

This, indeed, is Mr. Arlen's peculiar mark. He leans to tragedy; but the place occupied in authentic tragedy by positive character values is occupied in his novels by sheer rank. Instead of human wholeness disintegrated, human dignity debased, human destiny frustrated, we have the lushly related misbehavior of people whose only claim to attention is their place in society. "Iris Storm," "My friend George St. Almeric Lord Tarlyon," "The Lady Lois," "The Honorable Virginia Tracy," "Gerald Haveleur March," "Sir Guy de Travest,"—how lovingly he tells over their heart-remembered names! How poignantly his imagination envisages the patrician dance to death, how tenderly it plays over the fair, lost, gallant shapes! If they were whole and sound, these aristocrats—these Marches with (dear, dear!) their family curse, these brittle little lights o' love with their high-born names—he could not so esteem them. If they were less loftily placed, he could not even see them. As it is, he is so genuinely affected by them that he almost persuades. We are quite evidently in the presence of his religion. His scenes are misted over with an intense, half-hypnotic emotion, which he is forced to relieve by the devices of poetry—by strophes not unlike those of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, by semi-coherent, lyrical cries, broken sentences, inversions, repetitions; or, at more than usually ineffable moments, by rows of periods, one, two, three, four, one, two, three, four.

Mr. Arlen has a sharp eye for externals. His achievements in the way of picture-making are very considerable. Also, like other writers whom an obsession similar to his own has taken by the throat on occasion—like Oscar Wilde, for example—he balances his sentimentality with a startling gift for epigram. He is a dazzling mocker of everyone but himself. Of course, some of his passages are too, too clever. But some are only very clever indeed. When all his sins are related, he details an amusing conversation better than anyone now writing. And an amusing conversation is always an amusing conversation.

MARY KOLARS.

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Impressions of Great Naturalists, by Henry Fairfield Osborne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THERE are two points raised by this very freshly written and charming volume of biographical vignettes, which are here recorded, since they may enable the learned author to make that second edition, which is sure to be called for, as complete a piece of accuracy as we are sure that he would desire it to be. In the first place, it will be a wrench no doubt, for it will mean the elimination of a striking and picturesque passage, but he must omit the words—"the most impressive object today in Florence is the model of the finger of this great astronomer [Galileo] as he held it up before the examiners of the Inquisition with the words, 'It still moves.'" Wonderful how these hoary old lies about Galileo still reappear time after time. Expellas furca, tamen usque recurret. Everybody knows or ought to know that Galileo never used these words nor anything like them and that they were never even heard of until the eighteenth century, when, in 1761, a cleric named the Abbé Irailh was unfortunate enough to publish if not to invent this myth. Galileo had of course been dead by that time for near a century and a quarter. People will doubtless go on swallowing this yarn—which has even been consecrated as the motto of a most admirable little series of books—just as they go on swallowing—"Up guards at 'em!" which Wellington did not say at Waterloo. But it certainly ought not to appear in any book with a scientific reputation to preserve.

The second point is one of wider importance, for the author says—quite inaccurately—that "the Roman Church has been led away from its pristine faith in nature as a manifestation of the divine," and a few lines further on that "the attitude of the Church toward these laws should not be hesitant, defensive, or apologetic, but active, receptive and aggressive." Everyone must recognize and be thankful for the courtesy with which he always writes of religion, but we must put in a very earnest but very respectful protest against being tarred with the tar-brush of Protestant theology. When Protestantism in the British Isles took over all the ancient buildings and endowments provided for quite another kind of religion it was just because the adherents of that kind of religion refused to swallow Protestant theology that they were deprived of their birthright. It is just a little hard then at this time of day to find ourselves lumped with all kinds of curious and almost always unacceptable theologians with whom our views have little in common. The extreme Miltonic view of Creation which the writer attacks is not a Catholic view and never was. Let the author pursue his studies in St. Augustine—so felicitously commenced—a little further and read the work entitled De Genesi ad Literim and he will be delighted with the broad figurative method of the saint and will see what a Doctor of the Church—never more highly in respect than today—had to say on this subject. Let him turn to Canon de Dorlodot and there he will certainly discover, under a double Imprimatur, doctrines which he must heartily approve. Let him turn to the great encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII and note that—almost in his own words, though he is unaware of the fact—that Pope directs the faithful to welcome every new discovery and observâtion from whatever source it comes. It is not fair that we, who have our own definite, logical, complete system of philosophy, should be put as the lawyers say, "into hotch-potch" with all sorts of half-baked systems belonging to other organizations. The Catholic Church is surely big enough to warrant study by itself and not as an imaginary item in a general system.

One other word—Professor Osborne thinks that Buffon and others in the pre-Darwinian days were led by cowardice to veil the faith that was in them for evolution. I am convinced that he has been led astray, as Professor Conklyn was led astray, by a passage from the pen of the French writer. Elsewhere I have dealt with this and shewn that the mistake arose from a perfectly comprehensible unfamiliarity with the technicalities of Catholic theology, and that scientific caution was the reason for the reticence of the writer and by no means personal cowardice. Professor Osborne is the last man in the world who would sit down to describe a hitherto undescribed saurian without having first of all examined minutely and with scientific completeness its bodily remains. The Catholic Church is a living organism—never more alive than today—not unworthy of study and should not be described without examination. Its theology is about as like that of Protestantism as Diplodocus is like unto Ceratopsis.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

At Half-Past Eight, by James Agate. New York: Bernard Richards Company. $2.50.

THE question arises, why cannot some of our American theatre critics or newspaper columnists write with the distinction, ease and charm of this British contributor to The Saturday Review, The Statesman, and The Spectator? Is it the fault of our culture, our theatres or our newspapers, that we are without a spontaneous natural voice in our theatrical reviewing, and that slap-stick comedians or pompous, saxophoning mollahs have taken the places in the orchestra circle at the nightly disposal of the managing editor, his wife, and her relations?

Mr. Agate has collected his drama reports in previous volumes, such as Buzz-Buzz and Alarums and Excursions, but in Half-Past Eight, Essays of the Theatre, he appears with his best maturity and temper.

In deploring on his own side of the water the lack of proper criticism of the stage, Mr. Agate declares, "I know of no page in any writer to which I can point and say: 'Yes, that was Irving!' I know where to find passages which sum up Coquelin: 'the long upper lip that at will would let down like a drop-curtain or curl back over the teeth in every width of smile or grin from Tartuffe's to a yokel's, the tilted, sensitive nose—it seemed to flicker like a terrier's'—or I can at will, summon up a vision of Forbes-Robertson, whose Hamlet, 'like a picture of Watts, could hang in a cathedral without seeming silly.' But of Irving and Ellen Terry, nothing."

Mr. Agate leads us on from Marie Lloyd and Ibsen, to Barrie, Shelley's Cenci, Drinkwater's Mary Stuart, and Euripides' Medea, leaving us with the feeling that perhaps our deficiencies are due to the lack of good materials presented in our theatres, where, with the great ones of our boyhood gone, the Booths and Barretts, the Rehans, Gilberts, Marlowes, perpetuated today in only a handful of Walter Hampdens, Barrymores and Schildkrauts, our jaded critics munch at dramatic automats on the dry doughnuts of the past and the sour cream-puffs of the present.

At Half-past Eight reminds us that at least there has been glory that has passed away from our stage, to recall, if vaguely, the lines of the "Intimations of Immortality."

THOMAS WALSH.

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BRIEFER MENTION

In the Land of Youth, by James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THE Irish writers have realized properly that there is wealth even beyond (or we might say within) dreams in the ancient literature of the Gaels. Padraic Colum has just published his boys' book of tales from the Mabinogion, and now comes James Stephens, the delightful philosopher of the Crock of Gold and Deirdre, with a simplified version of some of the stories of the Tain Bo Cualgne, the masterpiece of Fenian saga. In The Feast of Samhain, the first of the chapters of In the Land of Youth, we have all the faery of the ancient wonder-worlds: the idealistic heroisms and prowess of the beautiful ladies and warriors of Cruachan with touches of that whimsey and humorous shrewdness that have given Mr. Stephens's books the extensive popularity and admiration they sincerely deserve.

The Mass, by Rev. Joseph A. Dunney. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THIS really excellent book on the liturgy of the Mass will serve not only devout desires to participate intelligently in the mysterious sacrifice, but it will supply at the same time to any earnest student of Catholicism a clear, full and correct account of the detail of the great rite of the Roman Catholic Church.

There are few who will not find instruction and inspiration in this able work of Father Dunney, which follows the order of the Mass from the Introit to the last Gospel, with interesting commentary and illustration, and the historical developments of the rite from the days of the Catacombs.

The Dublin Review, for January, February and March presents a highly interesting symposium by G. K. Chesterton, Shane Leslie and F. W. Chambers on Roman Converts. It contains also an admirable paper on the English Catholic historian, John Lingard, one of the noblest pioneers of True Religion in eighteenth-century England. There is, moreover, a telling contrast between the spirit and mission of St. Francis of Assisi and the Leninism of the Bolsheviks under the heading of Which Democarcy? by G. M. Godden. The high standard of The Dublin Review is a credit to its editors, new as well as old.

The Catholic World for February brings forth a number of very timely papers, ranging from Voltaire by James M. Gillis to Martin H. Glynn, Governor of New York, by James J. Walsh. Another topic of today is Blasco Ibañez and the Catholic Church by H. B. L. Hughes, which, with the History, Legend and Policy in France by A. Hilliard Atteridge, and a collection of able and interesting notes and book reviews, will make highly attractive and profitable reading for Catholic readers in America and abroad.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"This library is a place of rest and recreation. Any person introducing business into it, or discussion thereon, will be barred."

Dr. Angelicus, rocked in the cradle of his deep leather chair, viewed the new sign hanging over the fireplace, uneasily. Did it contain an innuendo against anyone in particular? Surreptitiously looking around and discovering the Editor and Hereticus absorbed in their reading, he pulled some letters from his pocket and was soon engrossed in their contents.

"The question is," he sighed at length, dropping the letters in his lap and forgetting all about the warning injunction, "should our contributors be taken at their word?"

"They are all honest men, and true," replied the Editor loyally. "Of course we should take them at their word."

"Their *written* word?" insisted Angelicus.

"Certainly."

"Ah, I am too charitable to do that," answered the Doctor benignly. "Surely you will not ask me to sin against charity in the course of my editorial duties? And may I also ask—is it not true that you trust the keenness of your secretarial staff to the full in correct transcribing on the typewriter of written manuscript?"

The Editor laid down the ancient leather volume he had been reading and said patiently—

"What is behind this sudden excess of piety, Doctor? What reasons prompt these sanctimonious reflections, and your questionnaire relative to them?"

"After my recent futile attempt to read intelligibility into the untyped manuscripts that came sailing over the sea to us from England," replied the Doctor, "I began to mistrust my skill in deciphering literary penmanship. This mistrust deepened when I opened my morning's mail today and attempted to read my usual correspondence from authors written in long hand—correspondence which in the past I must confess has frequently left me puzzling over mysterious passages. These unfathomable sentences I used to skip—but with the uncomfortable feeling that perhaps by so doing I was missing the author's most important ideas. Today the missives seemed hopelessly full of enigmas—(is it possible that literary people use a code, the key to which I am ignorant of?). In despair I turned them all over to the secretarial force to be typed, relying on younger eyes than mine to glean the real beauty and flavor latent in the cryptic characters penned by some of America's foremost authors. I beg you to listen to the result and to say if I shall really take them at their word as transcribed by your expert secretarial staff."

And picking up one of the letters, Dr. Angelicus began to read aloud—

* * *

"The Commonweal's competitor abroad, the Czecho-Slovakian Review, has ceased publication because of too much high life. Its circulation was anaemic. . . . Enclosed are a few short manuscripts, perhaps too brief for your purpose—yet I feel reluctant to write more under such exterminating circumstances. . . . I am sorry that you cannot use my story Corn Crisps, for I feel it has its place in these days of cereal romance. I shall, however, soon send you an article on a subject upon which I have spent a great deal of research—'Reflections on the History of Tolerance and Raw Meat.' . . . It would be better if you would let me know before I have

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NUMBER ONE

Obligations to America

By CARLTON J. H. HAYES

Professor of History, Columbia University, the author of "Political and Social History of Modern Europe," "Brief History of the Great War," and other books.

PROFESSOR HAYES gives in this pamphlet, reprinted from THE COMMONWEAL, the clearest and most significant summary of the debt of the United States to the spiritual forces, the philosophy, and the social ideas of Catholicism, ever presented in such brief form. At the same time he brings out in bold relief the obligations of Catholics to their nation and the services they are called upon to give.

This pamphlet is the first in a series of reprints from THE COMMONWEAL dealing with subjects of general interest.

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written the articles in question (not after)—just what your ideas on assassination are. . . . On the topic you mention, it is impossible to cover all the ground without skates. . . . I should like to send you a story of a nineteenth-century Spanish lady who lived on juniper and rhubarb, and was considered very handsome in spite of vaccination."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"Hold," cried the Editor. "Suggested: that *that* contributor get himself a Corona—(typewriter—not cigar or eclipse) as hastily as possible. What, not more?" he added as the Doctor picked up another letter.

"In truth, verily," said Angelicus. "This time from a poet. Hear ye—

" 'With every year of life, the Wonder and Delight at just being alive, nicks me. Your praise of my poem "Hoisting the Hosiery" delights me, coming as it does from a poet who has himself considerable distemper. It is both reassuring and imprudent. . . . I congratulate you upon your own recent poem. It appears to have tonsilitis. . . . In selecting sonnets (I speak as a former editor) cherish always the idea that the waitress has stirred the soup tureen at least fifteen minutes, and believe that any adverse criticisms come from anxiety to see The Commonweal become proper. . . . Your own excellent verse is one of the elements of monotony in the publication.' " Angelicus paused a minute—

"Shall I take him at his word?" he inquired, looking somewhat threateningly over the top of his glasses.

"No, no," hastily replied the Editor. "By no means!"

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Dr. Angelicus resumed—

"Another poet writes—'In regard to your change in my poem, please distinguish between punctuation and mutilation. Your tonsorial changes are barberous.'

"And here we have a letter from a lady contributor to whom we wrote asking for a little information about herself. She says—

" 'I live with an elfish aunt who waves a peculiar hoof. . . . As for other contemporaneous authors, I pity their cranberry fate, yet have a certain sympathy for their peritonitis in writing. . . . No wonder Napoleon shunned the pink eye,' she concludes, enigmatically.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"From an old friend who has recently gone abroad I receive the following," continued Angelicus, taking up another letter—

" 'I saw M—, the distinguished critic, in Paris. He was wearing a subway shirt, and was with Lady D—, who did not succeed very well in digging her way out. The Duchess was more successful. She seemed to be delighted to have someone to drag about in succotash.' "

"Continental life is so full of color and piquancy," remarked Hereticus. "What else does he say about Paris?"

"Wait," said Angelicus hastily, "I have in my pocket just the thing that will interest you. It is a manuscript—"

The Editor interrupted gently—

"Er—Doctor—Have you noticed the new placard over the fireplace?"

"Yes," said Angelicus promptly, "and it is an excellent idea. But may I suggest an amplification of the new rule?"

"Certainly."

"It strikes me," went on the Doctor, "that a place of 'rest and recreation,' as you call it, to fulfill its purpose, should be as well a place of no rules."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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